McKean County Democrat.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLIX SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912 NO. 30

CHANCES GOOD FOR A FAIR HERE THIS YEAR

Enthusiastic Meeting of Fair Association Directors Held Last Evening.

WILL TRY TO RAISE $7,000 WITHIN A WEEK

This Amount Will Assure Fair Being Held This Year

$3,500 SUBSCRIBED LAST NIGHT

This Amount Will be Used to Liquidate Old Debt and Build Cattle Sheds, etc.—Committee Appointed to Raise This Amount—If Money is Raised Within Week, Fair Will Be Held.

Last evening the directors of the McKean County Fair association held an enthusiastic meeting in the Grange Bank building, to decide whether the association would hold its Eighth Annual Fair & Races this year or not.

The situation was gone over at great length. It was found that the fairs of previous years had been successes from a financial point of view, the association coming out a little better than even each year. But when the fair was started the association went in debt to the extent of $4,600, which has never been liquidated, and the wind storm of three or four years ago blew down the buildings, which added another thousand to the indebtedness.

After some debate, the directors appointed a committee composed of Hon. R. W. Hilton, Hon. Jas. A. McKean and Henry J. Rice, to see if they could raise $7,000 within the next week. Five thousand of this $7,000 will be used to liquidate the old debt, and the remaining $2,000 will be used to cover cost of constructing much-needed cattle sheds, etc. For the past few years the cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., brought to the fair has been so large that the buildings were inadequate, and the association has had to go to the expense of about $100 each year for tents in which to place the stock.

Before the meeting adjourned, $3,500 had been subscribed to this paper, so but $3,500 remains to be raised throughout the county. This amount will undoubtedly be raised within the week. If such is the case, the Eighth Annual McKean County Fair & Races will be a certain go. The committee will start at once throughout the county with this paper, and anyone who wishes to make a donation and is not approached by the committee is requested to notify any member of said committee at Smethport.

If the fair is held, as now appears certain, it will undoubtedly be held the first week in October. While this is a trifle late, it will assure a better string of horses and midway attractions, as most other fairs will be over, and the owners will be glad to bring their horses and shows here.

The next meeting of the committee will be held the middle of next week at which time it will be decided for sure whether or not the fair is to continue. If the fair is to be held work will immediately be started on the advertising and catalogue.

MEMORIAL.

Resolutions Adopted by Smethport Fire Department.

Our comrade and friend, J. H. Belver, has answered the final roll call and passed beyond the River.

By his departure our Fire Department has been deprived of the services and advice of one of its oldest members; one who has always been active, efficient and devoted to its interests from the time of its organization.

Our community has lost an honest, capable and industrious citizen, and his family a kind and loving father.

We greatly regret his removal, and tender to his family, in their bereavement our heartfelt expression of sorrow and sympathy.

Resolved, That the above be spread on the minutes of the Department, a copy thereof be sent to his family, and to each of the local newspapers for publication.

GUY McCOY,
JULIUS HORNLEIN,
JOHN P. DEVLIN.
Smethport, Pa., July 23, 1912.

Advertise in The Miner.

GLEASON-FOSTER NUPTIALS.

Neil H. Gleason of This Place and Miss Fannie Foster of Reynoldsville United in Marriage.

On Thursday evening, July 18, 1912 at 9 o'clock, Mr. Neil H. Gleason, of this borough, and Miss Fannie Foster, of Reynoldsville, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncon M. Dunsmore, at Reynoldsville, Rev. Blake of the Reynoldsville First Methodist church officiated.

Immediately following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Gleason left on a wedding trip including Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lockport and Canadian points. They are expected here to-day and will immediately go to housekeeping in the house recently purchased by Mr. Gleason on Green street.

Mrs. Gleason is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Foster, formerly of this place, but now residing in Florida. She is a graduate of the Smethport high school in the class of '09. Following her graduation she prepared for teaching, and taught one term at Coryville, this county, and the past school term she taught near Reynoldsville. Mr. Gleason is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gleason, of this borough, and for the past 3 years has been station agent for the Kushequa Route, at Smethport. Both young people have made innumerable friends in this place who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

YOUNG MAN INJURED.

Caught in Fly Wheel at Five-Mile Yesterday Morning.

Adolph Johnson, an employe of the National Transit company, stationed at Five-Mile, a short distance beyond Clermont, met with a serious accident yesterday while in discharge of his duties at the pump station at that place.

At 8:30 yesterday morning Johnson started a gas engine at the station and attempted to throw a greasy belt on the fast revolving pulley. In some manner the belt stuck and threw Mr. Johnson into the fly wheel. His left arm was caught and before he could extricate himself the arm was broken in at least two places.

He immediately started for his home about two miles distant, and medical aid was summoned. Dr. Robert Hamilton dressed the fractures and found the arm broken between the elbow and wrist and another fracture between the shoulder and elbow. On account of the badly swollen condition of the arm, it was impossible to tell whether ther were more fractures or not. He also sustained numerous bruises about his body.

Mr. Johnson came to Smethport where he will remain for a time and receive medical attention.

GRAVE CHARGES.

Young Woman Accuses Grandparents of White Slavery.

When P. R. R. train No. 63 pulled into the Union station early Saturday morning a man and girl got off with the other passengers. Both were drunk and the man had lost his hat. The pair were arrested and on Saturday had hearings before the mayor. The man is Walter Snyder, married, but separated from his wife. He was fined $25, which he paid.

The girl says that she is 20 years of age. That her mother is in New York and that she does not know where her father is. She has been making her home with her grandparents on Bully Hill, Franklin. When she was offered the alternative of going to her grandparents she declared that it was no use. That her grandfather would bring whiskey and men to their home and that her grandmother made a white slave of her. Arrangements were made with Captain Pringle to give the girl a home in one of the institutions of the Salvation Army. The girl readily agreed to go and seemed honest in her expression of a determination to reform.—Oil City Derrick.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

The Last Great Nesting of Wild Pigeons in McKean County Recalled by James L. Howell.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch prints the following: A slaughter of birds which was famous throughout Pennsylvania at the time and which shamed the participants when they took time to thing about it, is recalled by James L. Howell, of 1330 Fayette street, Northside, whose mind was turned back to the event by reading in The Dispatch of some time ago a story from St. Louis of the last great nesting of wild pigeons in Missouri. The same year saw the last roosting of the wild birds in the Western state and in Pennsylvania. Mr. Howell says he was one of those who took part in the "sport" in this state, and with his confession he makes a protest against the extermination of the birds of many species.

In 1879 or 1880, says Mr. Howell, pigeons in great numbers were seen flying over Bradford, Pa., and the word soon went around that the birds were gatherer in the woods, near Smethport, the county seat of McKean county. Hunters by the score went out. Long before the place was reached they could hear the roar of the passing thousands of pigeons, a roar like the waters of a Niagara. As Mr. Howell and his party neared the woods they heard the discharge of guns on all sides. The slaughter had begun.

They arrived shortly before dusk, in time to see the pigeons returning after forging the greater part of the day. The hunters took no time to aim; they simply fired point blank into the trees and the birds would fall like chestnuts. There was no stopping to pick up the birds; the hunters just kept on firing until it was too dark to fire any more. They gathered up enough pigeons for supper. In the morning, without waiting for breakfast, the hunters were busy again. The male birds were just leaving for the forging grounds.

There were thousands and thousands of them, and Mr. Howell declares that, although it was a beautiful summer morning, the hunters could not see the sun because of the clouds of birds.

Going from and returning to the nesting place the birds were dropped by the thousand, piled up under the trees or packed in barrels, ready to be shipped to other points. The slaughter continued three days, and then the hunters returned to Bradford, most of them pretty well ashamed of what they had done. Mr. Howell remarks:

"That was the last nesting ever recorded in this state. Is it any wonder that we never hear of the wild pigeon any more? I am safe in saying that half a million birds were wantonly slaughtered in McKean county that summer. Are they extinct, or have they migrated to a more humane country?

"Four or five years afterward, ring, or turtle, doves were quite plentiful in the woods in the northern part of the state, but no one ever sees or hears of them any more. It will be the same with the wild duck, snipe and other birds if the war of extermination is not stopped."

James L. Howell, above mentioned, was general utility man on the Bradford Sunday News—Philip H. Linderman's paper—and was well known.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending July 20, 1912:

Fowler, W. S. (2)
Perkins, Mrs. J. S.
Peterson, H. P.
Ross, Mrs. Robert

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

NOTICE.

The School Board of Norwich Twp. will receive sealed bids for a school house at Betula, Pa., and an addition on the Norwich School house. Bids to be opened on the 1st day of August. Specifications will be furnished by the Secretary.

O. L. BARD, Secretary.
Colegrove, Pa., July 17, 1912.

FOR SALE.

Two milch cows. Inquire of
O. J. BURDICK,
Marvin Creek. 2t

LEPROSY AT BUFFALO.

Sam Isen, Russian Immigrant, is Held in Quarantine.

Buffalo, July 22.—After a chase covering several states and lasting several weeks, Sam Isen, a Russian immigrant suffering from what is declared to be a pronounced attack of leprosy, was located here last night and placed in an isolated ward at the Ernest Wende hospital. Isen, who has also been known as Joe Meyers and Josel Mayerowitz, has been here since last Tuesday. He has been sleeping at the headquarters of the Jewish charities and has come in contact with scores of persons.

Isen was under observation in New York, when he disappeared. He was traced to Cleveland, thence to Bay City, Mich., and Ann Arbor, and finally to Buffalo. A superficial examination made by Doctor Walter S Goodale of the Ernest Wende hospital, Dr Fronczac, city health commissioner, and Dr. Edward Clark, representing the state health department, satisfied them that Isen is suffering from an advanced case of leprosy and his isolation was at once ordered. A bacteriological examination will be made to-day. If this confirms last night's diagnosis, the state and federal authorities will be called upon to take charge of the case.

"There is no doubt about the man's condition," said Dr. Fronczac last night. His face, arms and legs are affected. It is a pronounced case of leprosy of the tubercular type."

Isen has a wife and three children in Bay City. He is said to have come to this country three years ago as a stowaway. He spent some time in Montreal and Boston, but finally went to New York, where he became a rag picker. According to the information received by the local health authorities it had been practically decided to isolate Isen when he died, dreading separation from his family, whom he had brought from Russia to this country.

Isen expressed a desire to return to his native country.

PARCELS RATES ABROAD.

A Comparison Between Rates in This Country and Abroad.

As the question of the cost of transporting parcels in this country, in the mails or by express, is under discussion, it is important to note was reduction is proposed in comparison with the rates that have long been established, and profitably operated, in Europe and other continents. In the British Isles the parcels post rate is 6 cents for a one-pound package, and the rate is approximately lowered up to the maximum weight of 11 pounds, the charge for which is 22 cents, or 2 cents a pound. In the United States the charge is 16 cents a pound, eight times as much as the British rate. In Germany the maximum weight in the parcels post is 110 pounds. Any parcel up to 11 pounds is delivered at a postage charge of 12 cents, which is less than 2 cents a pound. In the German postal zone system a 22-pound package is carried 10 miles for 17 cents; 20 miles 22 cents; 50 miles, 37 cents; 100 miles, 47 cents; 150 miles, 59 cents; any greater distance in the empire, 72 cents. Austrian rates are about the same.

It is a strange fact that an 11-pound parcel can be sent from the United States to many foreign countries on payment of postage at the rate of 12 cents a pound, while between any two post offices in the United States the charge for postage is 16 cents a pound, and the weight limit is 4 pounds. It costs one-third more to mail a package from St. Louis to East St. Louis than from St. Louis to Tokio, Japan. The United States government is spending $35,000,000 a year on rural delivery. The 40,000 rural carriers handle an average of only 24 pounds a day. They would not be inconvenienced by 150 pounds. The proposed cut in express rates allows many times as much per pound as is charged in the postal business of foreign countries. It will not settle the issue of reasonable parcels post charges for the American people, a question Congress has neglected and still consigns to its limbo of inaction.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

FOR SALE.

Lady's driving horse. Also horse, weight 1200 lbs., for general purposes. Inquire at GOLD EAGLE HOTEL.
2t-p Eldred, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

APPROPRIATED AUTOMOBILE.

Young Man Now in Jail to Await Trial at Next Term of Court.

The Mt. Jewett Herald says: George Barton has at last found his way to jail, and will likely stay for some time.

On Tuesday evening George took it into his head to possess himself of an auto, and being familiar with the machine of Bruce Spencer, which had been left locked in the Spencer barn when the Spencer family moved to Olean some time ago, he suggested to a number of other young fellows about town that they take a ride in the car, which he claimed to have purchased. He failed of inducing anyone to accompany him until he met with Arthur Heglin, who accepted the invitation, and together they took charge of the machine, manufacturing a substitute for a spark plug from a wire nail, and making some other slight repairs and adjustments to the machine, which they eventually pronounced ready for the road. But, as they were without the necessary gasoline, and short of funds, it required a little headwork along financial lines to furnish the needed commodity. Barton proved entirely equal to the emergency, however, and put over a stunt which discloses him as a candidate for the penitentiary or Wall street, a distinction without much difference. At any rate he informed the vender of gasoline that, having but recently purchased the car, and being obliged to equip it with a new set of tires throughout, he was just then a trifle short of cash, but would soon be in funds, when he would settle. The gasoline man, no doubt thinking to secure his patronage in the days to follow, supplied him on credit, and in time the pair headed the machine down the hill in the direction of Hazelhurst, where they eventually arrived, but at that point something went wrong about the mechanism of the car, and there was nothing left but to run and leave it.

In some manner the local constable was put next, and proceeding to Hazelhurst, he gathered Heglin in, and brought him back to Mt. Jewett, where he was given a partial hearing, and put in the lockup, pending developments.

Thursday, County Detective Jones learned that Barton was in Eldred, and hiking over there, placed him under arrest and during the afternoon brought him to Mt. Jewett, where he was given a hearing before Judge Lundberg, and finally bound over to court, and being without bail, was taken to Smethport, and to jail, by Detective Jones.

At the final hearing Heglin was discharged, having satisfied the court that he was an innocent victim of Barton's generosity.

TRADED WIVES.

Novel Way Tried by Potter County Man Which Is Not Popular With the Law.

Saturday of last week Officer Andred Algreen went to Port Allegany and arrested James Kennedy, charged with the desertion of his children who are being cared for at the County Home, says the Potter Enterprise. Action was taken on the advice of such well known citizens of Pleasant Valley as Otis Weimer and A. B. Knapp. The case is a sad and strange one. It is reported that Kennedy traded wives with a friend of his—that the friend and Mrs. Kennedy are living in Buffalo, while he and his friend's wife took up their domicile in Port Allegany. "Pot luck" was regarded as good enough for the children and they landed in the County Home. Kennedy is a strong, husky young man but is a victim of strong drink. He is said to be a good and steady worker when sober. He was brought up here Saturday and spent Sunday in jail. Monday, Justice Olmsted held him to the September court and he was taken by District Attorney Nelson at once before Judge Ormerod where he entered a plea of guilty. Judge Ormerod fixed his bail at $200 and allowed him to go upon his own recognizance, upon his promise to contribute to the care and keeping of his children and to appear at the September court.

Kennedy promised Mr. Knapp he would go back to Pleasant Valley settle down to work and be a man. Mr. Knapp says he can do it if he will, as he is industrious and capable when not drinking.

Subscribe for The Miner.

SIGN POSTS PROVIDED.

Under Improved Roads System, State Will Place Markers for Benefit of Traveling Public.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 19.—The first sign posts to be placed along the highways of Pennsylvania will be put into position this summer by the State Highway Department, and lists are now being made by the engineers in charge of the operations of the road branch of the state government, so that the localities most in need of markers will receive attention.

Until the locomotive superceded the stage coach the sign board was a necessary adjunct to travel and was maintained with great care, but in recent years little attention has been paid to index boards in Pennsylvania, and although the law charges constables with the duty of reporting the absence of sign posts, there are many crossroads in the state without a stick to indicate the way to nearby towns. Some progressive communities have undertaken to cure the evil, and motor clubs have done their part, but the State will now look after such matters along the 8,000 miles of main highways embraced in the plan for comprehensive improvement. The sign post is to be given as much attention as the condition of the road.

State Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow has let a contract for the first 1,000 sign posts, deliveries to begin next month. These posts will be of iron, with the name of the road or town to be shown in iron letters fused on an iron plate, the direction to be indicated by an arrow, also of iron. This style was determined upon after extended investigation in other states and counties. Although the posts and signs are practically indestructable, any attempts to deface or injure will be vigorously prosecuted. Not only the state road maintenance officials, but local officers and citizens will be urged to prevent tampering with the sign posts, because of their value to the public.

Placing of the posts will be in the hands of a department attache who will also inspect them when erected. He has been visiting many counties, checking upon the necessity for signs at points reported for such improvements. As fast as locations are determined upon orders will be given for the work which will within a few years raise Pennsylvania from the disrepute into which she has fallen in the minds of her own people and visitors from other states for neglect of one of the most essential accessories of travel.

As the system of improved roads develops under the plans made in anticipation of the voting of the $50,000,000 bond issue for highways, the new roads will be properly marked. The bond issue amendment to the constitution will be acted upon by the legislature next winter for the second time and if adopted, as now seems probable, the people will be called upon to vote on the question in 1913.

FOR GOOD ROADS.

Supt. Lindsey Will Start Repair Work Here Soon.

The State Highway department has designated Highway Superintendent Lindsey, of Ridgway,—who was recently appointed to that position—to make needed repairs on roads in McKean county. The attention of the department has been called to the need of improvement in the state highways of McKean county by Senator Frank E. Baldwin of this Senatorial district, and District Attorney T. B. Wilson of McKean county. As a result the required repairs will soon be under way.

Superintendent Lindsey was in Smethport yesterday and will visit Bradford soon. He is looking over the situation and will make plans for the work that is to be done.

Under the Sproul law the sum of $2,000,000 has been made available for road work pending the issuance of bonds by the state in the sum of $50,000,000 to carry on the great campaign for good roads to be conducted in years to come throughout the commonwealth. This proposed bond issue will be voted upon by the citizens of the state next November and there is no doubt as to the result of the balloting on that most important subject.—Today's Bradford Era.

SPRING MILLINERY.

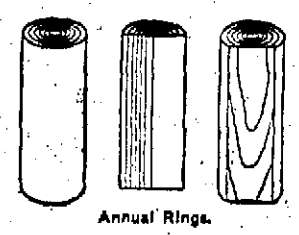
My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

HORTICULTURE

ANNUAL RINGS IN THE TREES

Whitish Lines Are Medulary Rays, Which Make Silvered Grain in Oak and Other Woods.

If the trunk or branch of an oak tree is cut smoothly across, thin whitish lines may be seen running from within outward. Some of these lines begin in the center of the tree and others in each of the annual rings. These are the medulary rays, which make the silvered grain in quartered



Annual Rings.

oak and other woods. They exist in all kinds of trees, but in many, as, for example, the chestnut, they are so fine as hardly to be seen with the naked eye.

It is correct to speak of the rings of growth as "annual rings," for as long as the tree is growing healthily a ring is formed each year. It is true that two false rings may appear in one year, but they are caused whenever the growth of the tree is interrupted. This happens when the foliage is destroyed by caterpillars and grows again in the same season, or when a severe drought in early summer stops growth for a time, after late frosts, and in similar cases.

An annual ring once formed does not change in size or place during the healthy life of the tree, except that it is covered in time by other younger layers.

FORKS AND SPADES IMPROVED

Fulcrum Attachment Eliminates Much of Back-Breaking Energy Needed in Working Soil.

Much of the back breaking energy required in using an earth fork or spade is expended in the dislodging of the load from the ground after the fork of spade has been inserted, which means a severe strain on the shoulder and back muscles. The attachment

Fulcrum Attachment.

shown in the illustration lessens this labor by providing a fulcrum, says the Popular Mechanics. By simply pulling the handle backward the load is dislodged, the fulcrum bearing the strain instead of the muscles.

HABITS OF ORCHARD PESTS

No Definite Rule With Reference to Time Insects Deposit Their Eggs or Work Damage.

There is no definite rule that can be laid down with reference to the time at which winged insect pests of the orchard deposit their eggs. Some are night flying insects and deposit their eggs at night; others are active only during the day, and deposit their eggs during that time. The codling moth is one of the night flying insects and begin to deposit eggs late in the evening, just about dusk, and continues most active throughout the early part of the night. The curculio on the other hand, is most active during the day, remaining inactive at night. The same holds true with reference to the general activity of insects. As a rule the moths fly only at night, while some of the beetles are most active at night and others durihg the day.

PEACH SCAB AND BROWN ROT

Best Fungicide Known at Present Time Is Self-Boiled Lime and Sulphur Mixture.

The self-boiled lime and sulphur mixture is the best fungicide known at the present time for the control of peach scab and brown rot. Three applications are considered necessary for good results where peach scab is likely to occur. The first application is to be made just as the calyx is being shed from the fruits.

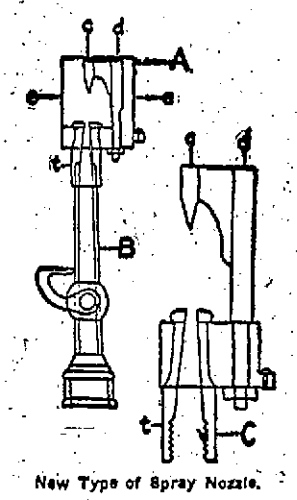
The second application to be made three weeks after the first. The third application should be made about three weeks after the second. The self-boiled lime and sulphur mixture should not be applied to the fruit within four weeks of the ripening time, as the mixture may give the fruit a whitewashed appearance when ready for market.

NEW TYPE OF SPRAY NOZZLE

Effectiveness of Spraying Depends Largely Upon Character of Tapering Tube Employed.

The effectiveness of spraying depends in large measure upon the character of the nozzle used, and it is especially important that the nozzle should be adapted to the specific purpose for which it is to be used. G. E. Stone of the Massachusetts station has devised a nozzle which he has used with very satisfactory results in spraying large trees from a high-pressure machine.

This nozzle is shown in Fig. 1, at A. It consists of a nozzle screwed tightly on to the tip of a standard attachment provided with shut-off, such as is often employed in spraying work. (See B.) The attachment, however, is incidental, as it may be fitted to any suitable metal connection threaded to fit, and provided with a hose connection at the lower end. The essential part of the nozzle, as shown at A, consists of a small brass tip, t, about 1½ inches long, provided with an aperture at the end one-eighth of an inch in diameter, although sometimes an aperture of 5-32 or 3-16 of an inch in diameter has been employed. About an inch or more above the center of the aperture there is placed a solid brass rod, c, one-fourth of an inch in diameter. This is attached to another rod, d, by means of a thin sheet of brass; the rod, d, works in a socket and allows the pointed brass rod, c, to be thrown in or out of center at will. The object of this center brass rod, c, is to



New Type of Spray Nozzle.

take the spray as it comes out of the one-eighth-inch nozzle under high pressure and break it up into a fine mist, and with the pressure which we used it is capable of throwing the mist 20 or 25 feet. This is sufficient to reach, from a ladder, most of the foliage on a large elm tree. In case it is necessary to reach higher, the adjustment is thrown out of the center and the spray goes directly through the one-eighth-inch aperture. By this means a greater distance and carrying power are secured, although not so fine a spray.

In the drawing the nozzle is shown surrounded by a shield, c, which was for the purpose of protecting the point, c. The nozzle as originally constructed was not provided with a shield, being used for some days without it, but with the hard usage which it received [it was] found that the adjustment was likely to be injured. The nozzle was used in connection with a machine giving 250 pounds pressure, and the spraying mixture was carried through a one-inch hose.

This nozzle was used . . . in spraying over 1,000 trees having an average diameter of about 22 inches. Careful estimates made showed that the average amount of arsenate of lead per tree was 1.7 pounds, or about 17 gallons of arsenate of lead solution. The cost of spraying each tree, including the labor, gasoline and lead, was 55 cents.

The spraying was just as thorough and the cost was about one-third of that by the ordinary method, using Vermorel and other fine-mist nozzles.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

The United States forest service is prepared to reforest 30,000 acres annually.

Trees should not be planted on a high slope, for the soil is likely to be too thin.

Grape vines require frequent shallow cultivation throughout the entire season.

Get your spraying equipment in good order several days before you must begin spraying.

Strain all spray materials through a good, fine strainer. It avoids clogged nozzles and wasted time.

The time to get a thing is when it is there. The time to get the apple worm is before he gets inside.

Know what you must spray for, then do the work right. Don't expect any one spray material to be a universal remedy.

When making the first application of poison for the codling moth use a coarse nozzle, high pressure and fill every calyx.

With fruiting orchards, mineral fertilizers are often of great assistance, but an excess of nitrogen should be avoided.

The pruning season is on—it requires much work, but more judgment. The age and variety of the tree must be kept in mind.

When the strawberries are off the vines remove the mulch and cultivate thoroughly to kill off the weeds and put the soil in fine condition.

KIND HE WEARS HIMSELF

Clerk Sells the Editor Some "Non-Itchy" Underwear But His Veracity Is Doubted.

We believe in giving every man the benefit of the doubt. We do not like to attack anyone's veracity in haste. Often men have deceived us as to facts and conditions, but always we have liked to think they were mistaken. We have gone our way confident that they had not intentionally led us astray.

But there is a certain clerk in a certain underwear shop in this town whom we would not believe again under oath. We were in search of some new white undergarments. We hesitated in our choice. The clerk saw that we were slipping from his grasp, to-wit: that he was about to lose a sale.

"Now this garment," says he, "is one of the kind that I always wear myself."

Pulling back his coat and shirt sleeve he exhibited his undergarment. Aside from the fact that it wasn't quite as clean it looked like the very stuff on the counter.

"Does it itch?" was asked.

"Not a bit," he replied. "That's the beauty of this make. I've never had any trouble. You can put a suit of this right on and it won't bother you a particle."

He looked so honest and straightforward and frank when he said it that we fell for his line of talk. That we haven't known a moment's peace since we need not relate. What we wish to emphasize is the fact that that young man, with the honest countenance, must have had a back red with itching and scratching when he told us that unmitigated falsehood. His legs and arms must have been crimson with irritation, yet he stood right up there and denied it. Either that or he lied when he said that he wore the kind of flannels he sold us. Even as we write we hardly know whether to finish this sentence or get up and scratch our back against the door.—Detroit Free Press.

Knowing One Another.

I have a friend who says:

"When I first saw the Oriental rugs of the professor of our new red brick high school building's wife, hangin' on the line, I says to myself: 'No. Not that woman. I won't never vote for her for president of the Ladies' Aid. She ain't one of us.' And while they was votin' that day I set over in one corner feelin' mean, and thinkin': 'No. You don't get no ballot out of me. You ain't folks.' And then the next mornin', while I was gettin' breakfast she comes walkin' across the yard between our two houses, and she saids: 'Oh, Mis' Arthur, I'm makin' Johnny Cake, and I can't tell whether you put in soda or bakin' powder. Which do you?' And when I'd told her how, and she'd started back, I stood inside the screen door just lookin' after her. And I thought: 'Why, my land. Underneath your Oriental rugs you was like that all the time. Why, you're folks—'"

The thing is as simple as the light: Getting to know one another is the problem. Social centering is the way to work it out. And at the last, democracy is the answer.—Zona Gale in La Follette's Magazine.

"Geological Tuberculosis."

The Washington monument at the national capital, highest of stone structures, and designed by its builders to stand as long as the pyramids, is suffering from a disintegration that, while not immediately fatal, will shorten its life, says John S. Mosby, Jr., in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The great shaft, 555 feet in height, consists of walls 15 feet thick at the base. These walls are made up of an outer facing of marble blocks and a four-foot inner wall made of granite and other hard stone. Between these two walls there is a filling of heterogeneous stone, held together by a cement. This describes the first 100 feet, which is the part now affected. This part was built continuously from the beginning of the structure. Then, for years, the construction halted at that height. It is the interior filling between these walls that is now, through the deadly effect of heat and cold and dryness and dampness attacking it alternately, beginning to disintegrate and ooze out between the joints of the outer wall and the crevices made by the action of the elements.

A Real Delicacy.

A New York clubman who prides himself on his knowledge of things epicurean was much interested in an item he discovered in the menu laid before him on the occasion of his visit to a town of the middle west. The item was "green bluefish."

"Waiter," demanded the New Yorker, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?"

"Fresh, sir," quickly responded the servitor. "Right from the water."

"How dare you impose upon me?" continued the clubman. "You know well enough that bluefish are not taken at this season."

Whereupon the waiter picked up the menu and gave it a careful scrutiny, as if by that action he would solve the mystery. Then, with an air of one suddenly enlightened, he added:

"Oh, that, sir? That's hothouse bluefish."—Lippincott's.

Logical Progress.

"The new show went like a breeze."

"I was told the backer had to send a lot of drafts."

THE WEDDING GOWN

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

It was hot for the last day of May, with a hot wind. The flowers drooped in the sultry mid afternoon, and Emmie drooped as she made her way to Miss Still's to try on her new blue dress. She no longer cared about her dress, and she was afraid the village dressmaker would ask her why she had "quit goin' with Elmer Hayes." Miss Still, though kindly, was curious.

As Emmie languidly went through the village with its dozen straggling dwellings set at random about a nucleus of station, saloon, general store and "square," she wished she herself knew why Elmer had ceased coming to see her. There had been no quarrel. Three times she had seen him with Rose Greene.

Sarah Still talked volubly through the fitting, and Emmie stood while the summery, gauzy, pale-blue thing she had chosen because Elmer liked her in blue, was pinned in and let out to suit the slim lines of her pretty figure. Her small head, heavy with fair hair, was held high and her blue eyes were indifferent. She was pale and wilted looking. Elmer was not mentioned, which relieved her, but that showed her that the village folk thought her sensitive on the subject. She looked about her, determined to seem cheerful.

Dresses of various colors, half finished, were pinned up to the walls and curtains; patterns and scraps everywhere, pins all over the carpet. Near her hung a dainty, lacy white thing. She put out a hand to touch its shining daintiness.

"How pretty!" she said with a woman's instinctive reverence for such garments. "It looks like a wedding gown!"

Miss Still, busy with a refractory fold, answered through a mouthful of pins.

"It is. Don't you touch it. Rose would have a fit if she thought any one—gracious, what have I said! And I promised not to! She wanted to surprise the village with her weddin'. You won't breathe it to a soul?"

"I will never mention it," promised Sarah, struggling for her composure, her heart sinking. So Rose would be Elmer's—wife! She steadied her thought on a trifle. "Isn't it rather short?" she asked steadily about her own dress. "And I'd like the neck a little closer." She began chattering about clothes and kept it up until she was again dressed and safely out of that house.

Tried to Think Things Out.

The sun was still scorching, but Emmie could not go home. Alice Robbins, Rose's best friend, called to her from her porch to come in and visit, but she could not bear to be watched by any one. They might mention Elmer, and all the world knew she and Elmer, while not actually engaged, had been inseparable for a year past. Indeed, she had but a month before, for his sake, refused to marry Harry Stevens, who came out from the city for a vacation and hung persistently about her until she sent him away. About then the coolness between her and Elmer had begun.

Now, too wretched for words, she left the little village street and turned up the country road leading not to her home, but away from it to the lake. Perhaps the sight of water would help her; perhaps she could fight it out with herself and get rid of this misery. Neither pride nor anger seemed to help her hurt. She simply cared, and knew she cared, and he must know that she cared. And he was to marry Rose, whom he used not to like because she was a bit forward and boy-like in manner!

Emmie walked on and into the bit of wood edging the small lakelet, a blue patch of mirror for a blue sky, and sitting down on the grass threw off her hat and tried to think things out. She would have to do something to herself before she could face even her mother.

An hour passed and she hardly noticed a sudden darkening of the sky until it grew almost black. Then she jumped to her feet, and started toward the road, knowing that she could not reach her farm home, but hoping to get to the village before the storm. Thunder began to roll before she had gone a dozen steps, and her old child's terror of a tempest arose. Trees began to bend to the swift wind, the lake was gray, driven into a wrinkle of little waves. Then a flash of lightning blinded her.

Rain began to beat down as she crept under the fence and gained the road, and the dust flicked up at the touch of the drops, and then lay wet and flat. She picked up the skirt of her white dress and began to run, forgetful that she had left her hat in the wood. As she ran the merciful tears came, relieving the pressure of her heavy heart, running down her cheeks unhindered. The wild disorder and storm, frightened as she was, seemed to clear her mind as the heat and brightness had besieged it.

Breathless, she stopped running and took a steadier gait. By now the rain was heavy, and she was already so wet that she could be no wetter, and a half mile away she saw, gray and indistinct, the nearest house.

Splashing along, the tears and rain on her face, she did not hear the sound of hoofs behind her until a shout sent her in alarm out of the road, and almost into the ditch. A man in yellow slickers, driving an open cart, drew in his horse, the animal impatient and snorting.

"Didn't see you! Nearly ran over you," he said. "Why—Emmie!" She recognized Elmer as he did her, and stood helpless before him, but very straight, and not even trying to hide her tears. "Why are you out in this awful storm? Come here this minute—I'll take you in, child! I can't get down, this beast is so unruly."

She held back a moment and then came obediently and let him take her in. He spread a rubber blanket over and about her, and the horse dashed off.

"Did the storm frighten you?" His voice had the old tenderness, and for a moment his strong, tanned face turned toward her. "Have you been—crying? Was it the storm?" She could not speak, but began crying again, unable to resist the dear familiar sense of his protection. He reined in the horse and went on in a stern, half-choked voice:

"I wasn't able to find a thing against Harry Stevens, and I tried to, too! If he makes you unhappy, he'll have to reckon with me, Emmie. I love you, whether you love me or not! You know that. It nearly killed me when I saw you cared more for him—but he has so much more to give you. And he's all right—perfectly square. Tell me why you are crying?"

"You—must be wild, Elmer! I don't—care about him. I never did! What made you think so? I got rid of him as soon as I could."

But the young fellow was leaning close to her, the wet yellow slicker dripping upon her. She loved that slicker, and the storm and the muddy road—yes, even the thunder which crashed at the moment.

"Emmie," he said, "Emmie, do you still love me? Are you going to marry me?"

She nodded, her face dirty and wet and shiny with happiness, and for a moment the man managed to spare an arm from his driving.

"Why were you crying?" he persisted.

Her answer was simple and direct. "Because I thought you were going to marry Rose Greene. I saw hed wedding dress at Miss Still's——"

He interrupted, laughing.

"I'm still in my senses," he declared ungallantly. "It's Jo Wortley who has lost his! He told me as a secret—you silly little girl!"

FEEL LOSS OF ALLIGATORS

People of Louisiana Too Late Are Regretting the Practical Extinction of the Reptiles.

Interference with the order of nature is likely to produce unexpected results. A curious illustration of this general law is afforded by the case of the Louisiana alligators.

The bayous of Louisiana were formerly the homes of alligators without number. They did no particular harm except by catching a stray pig or dog now and then, nor were they known to be of any particular use. The people, for the most part, let them alone.

Then there sprang up in the north a demand for alligator skins for the making of various articles and the natural result followed. The alligators were killed in great numbers until presently they were almost exterminated.

No harm was done, people thought; but by and by it began to be noticed that certain mischievous quadrupeds were multiplying. In the rice fields the muskrats increased in such numbers that it became hard work to hold back the levees, which had been built to keep the water on the rice during the growing season. What perhaps was more serious, the same burrowing rodents infested the front levees and nothing but constant watchfulness averted disastrous consequences.

Then market gardeners began to complain of an alarming increase in the number of rabbits, raccoons, and other animals which preyed upon the cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce and similar vegetables. Some of the gardeners were compelled to inclose their gardens with close wire fences or else abandon the cultivation of some of their most profitable crops.

The alligators had not been useless, and the people had learned anew that it is dangerous to go too fast and too far in disturbing the order of nature.—Harper's Weekly.

Women's gowns this season, according to announcement, are to have "buttons without number." And if women get the ballot more men will have to button 'em.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Mercereau Gordon, ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

GALEUP & SAATTECK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LA All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON ATTY-AT-LAW. Grange Bank Building SMETHPORT, PA. All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON ATTORNEYS AT-LAW. Office over Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas H. Morrison, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, All business given careful attention. Backus Building, opposite Court House. Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D. —PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON— Office in Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in O. F. Block; Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M. Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office at Residence at corner of King and Washington streets. Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M. Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

J. V. McALPIN, Dentist HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5 Odd Fellows' Building SMETHPORT, - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE, Main Street, Smethport, Pa. DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop. F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr. This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R Main Street, Smethport, Pa. This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE, T. H. PURTLE, Prop. 125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa. Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad, Practical Horseshoer. We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of HORSESHOEING and BLACKSMITHING in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE! Life, Fire & Accident —WRITTEN BY— W. F. SPECHT, Smethport, Pa. In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant. New York Counts, Clams, Cigars THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAMM MANUFACTURER OF Fine Cigars Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street. Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

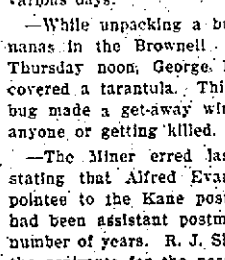
JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

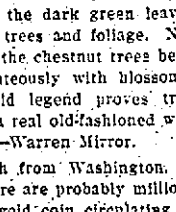
In a large assortment and can please all in style and price.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.



BOYS! THIS BALL GLOVE AND THE BOYS' MAGAZINE (6 MONTHS) **50c**

We will also include, without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money," Walter Camp edits The Boys' Magazine. Every issue of this magazine is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This fielder's glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of the finest tan leather, felt padded, web thumb, and deep pocket. We absolutely guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the glove, magazine and book.



Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today.

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 925 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all news-stands. 10c a copy.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 25, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—F. A. Green is having his house on King street repainted.

—Daly & Garlick advertise Devoe paints in this issue.

—Bradford Lodge, No. 124, Loyal Order of Moose, yesterday initiated a number of candidates, including several from Smethport. Monday's Era

—Dr. Heinbach of Kane has purchased a 5-passenger E. M. F. touring car, through the agency of the Backus Novelty Company.

—Last Thursday's Kane Republican says: Master Toni Ross, of Smethport, was brought to the hospital last evening where he underwent an immediate operation for appendicitis.

—Margaret Torrens of Bradford and Charles Jones of Tidioute, Pa., were united in marriage on Monday, July 22, 1912, by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke at the rectory.

—Last Friday the home of P. E. Abbey, on King street, was placed under quarantine, owing to the illness of their young son, Kenton, with cerebro spinal meningitis.

—Miss Mayme Colegrove entertained a few friends at six o'clock dinner at her home on East Main street Sunday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Lena Bair, of Olean.

—Mrs. R. C. Sasse and Mrs. T. P. Lyle entertained a party of young ladies last evening at the home of the former, with a pre-nuptial shower in honor of their sister, Miss Carrie Ellingsfelt.

—There'll be a good many months of wear yet in a wash suit, before winter sets in. An opportunity to buy one at a sacrifice price is offered this week by Monheimer, in his advertisement.

—The Lake Erie circuit races held at Bradford last week ended Friday afternoon, and the meet was a great success in every way. Many Smethport people attended the races on various days.

—While unpacking a bunch of bananas in the Brownell Store last Thursday noon, George Ritchie discovered a tarantula. This poisonous bug made a get-away without biting anyone or getting killed.

—The Miner erred last week in stating that Alfred Evans, the appointee to the Kane postmastership, had been assistant postmaster for a number of years. R. J. Sharp, one of the aspirants for the postmastership, is the assistant postmaster and has been for 13 years. Mr. Evans has been the tax collector for Kane borough for the past 4 years.

—A feature of the firemen's program here on August 16th, is the ten-mile Marathon race, with the prizes amounting to fifty dollars, open to everyone, and which is getting considerable attention. There are several county young men who intend to have their share of that money. Of course it will be divided among three, but the best man will get twenty-five dollars of it. There will be a hundred [illegible] just as good that Wanamaker [illegible]

A Washington dispatch of July 20 says: Prize fight moving pictures today became a thing of the past in the United States when the House passed a Senate bill prohibiting the transportation of said moving picture films between the various states and territories or from foreign countries.

Thursday of last week, George C. Bayless, of Binghamton, N. Y., appeared before Justice of the Peace Fowler at Costello, and entered bail for his appearance at the September session of court in the cases of the Commonwealth vs. George C. Bayless, E. N. Hamlin and M. C. Bailey, charging them with feloniously killing Mary Theresa Mansuy and Ellen Eloise Mansuay and Mrs. Jane M. Hess and William J. Hess by permitting conditions which resulted in the Austin flood.

—Though the annual tournament of the Lawn Tennis Association of Northwestern Pennsylvania to be held here the week of August 12, is several weeks away, the Oil City Tennis club, which will entertain the big gathering of racquet men, is already very busy with the arrangements for the meet and they promise, and that, mind you, means fulfillment, of one of the best meets in the history of the organization.—Oil City Derrick.

—After a week in solitary confinement, J. B. McNamara, one of the convicted dynamiters of the Los Angeles Times building, stubbornly refused to conform to prison discipline and Warden Hoyle said he would be kept in the dungeon indefinitely. McNamara was placed in solitary confinement a week ago when he refused to obey an order given by a guard in the jute mill. He had been punished before for insubordination, and Warden Hoyle ordered he be locked in the dark cell.

—According to some persons there will be plenty of snow next winter. The old belief that if the chestnut trees have plenty of blossoms in July there will be a white winter is very prevalent. The chestnut trees in this vicinity are covered with light green blossoms which can easily be distinguished among the dark green leaves and the other trees and foliage. Not in years have the chestnut trees been laden so bounteously with blossoms and if the old legend proves true there will be a real old-fashioned winter this year.—Warren Mirror.

—A dispatch from Washington, D. C., says: There are probably millions of dollars in gold coin circulating in the United States which are not worth their face value. This fact has been called to the attention of Lee McClung, treasurer of the United States, but the government has no desire nor intention to recall the money depreciated by abrasion in circulation. Should this gold be presented to the treasury or sub-treasuries, its owners would be the losers. While the government does not require that gold coins shall be of standard weight, to be redeemed at their face value, it has established what is known as "a limit of tolerance" which permits a loss in weight of one-half of one per cent. Below that limit, the treasury makes a reduction at the rate of four cents per grain. Curiously enough silver coin is always worth its face value, however much abused by the ravages of time.

—A DuBois dispatch dated July 20 says: Dr. S. M. Davenport, of DuBois, went fox hunting with his automobile the other night in a manner that was a little out of the ordinary. Dr. Davenport is the miners' physician at Tyler, where he has assistants, and was making the distance from DuBois to the mining town during an evening recently. At a point between the Hickory Kingdom church and the village of Penfield he noticed a fox dart across the road just ahead of the machine, and when the car was stopped it was to find that the fox had been hit and instantly killed. Evidently it had its neck broken, as there was not a mark of any kind on it, and it was an exceptionally fine specimen of the red dog fox. On the same trip he ran down and killed a good-sized rattlesnake, and now his friends are trying to get him to go out in his automobile hunting for wildcats and bald eagles.

OLD STAGES OF NEW YORK

Many Years Ago They Were Operated Regularly Between Metropolis and Other Cities.

In excavating underneath the former Tallman Hvery in New York recently workmen found a number of straps such as were used in former days on the stage coaches which plied between Albany to Buffalo.

The straps are supposed to have been made at the Sherwood establishment, which many years ago stood at the northeast corner of State and Dill streets. S. C. Tallman said he believed the straps to be at least 75 years old, and to have lain where they were found probably for that length of time or longer.

It was in 1809 that Isaac Sherwood of Skaneatles became a partner of Jason Barker of Utica in conducting the stage line which passed through this county, carrying the United States mail. It is recorded that in 1816 a line of coaches, among the proprietors of which was the firm of Isaac Sherwood & Co. of Auburn, was operated between Canandaigua and Utica.

These coaches passed over what was known as the Seneca turnpike, constructed between the two points named. It was designed to build this road six rods wide, the middle 25 feet of it to be covered with gravel or broken stone to a depth of 15 inches. The Seneca Turnpike company was authorized to erect a toll gate every ten miles and exact 12½ cents toll for two-horse teams and 25 cents for four horses.

From Utica east a tri-weekly stage line was operated to Albany, and this likewise was controlled by Sherwood & Co. and others.

The corner of State and Dill streets was a great center for stage coaches in the early days. Various other lines besides the turnpike stages converged in Auburn, there being stages to Homer, Ithaca, Oswego, Aurora and other places. It was in that day that the fight broke out between the Pioneer Line, as a new competing company was called, and the Sherwood combination.

The Pioneer Line gained control of the principal hotel in the village, known as the Western Exchange, hoping thus to embarrass its rivals. But the Sherwood interests fitted up the Bank of Auburn, as it was known, for their headquarters. An issue of this campaign was the question of running stage coaches on Sunday.

IT ASTONISHED THE COOK

Marvelous Appetite of "Mr. Clarendon," Whose Name Was Passport to Kitchen's Best.

J. Hayden Clarendon, eating his three meals in a German grill of much renown, has, day by day, extended his acquaintanceship from the steward to each of the waiters and from thence into the kitchen to the cooks. And it so happened a while ago that one of the cooks had had to send his wife to a hospital. Clarendon, ever thoughtful, bought flowers and sent them out to the kitchen to be forwarded thence to the hospital.

This, of course, made him more than solid with the culinary department of the big restaurant, with the result that whenever a waiter announced that the order was "for Mr. Clarendon" the cooks would go to the limit in getting him the best steaks and chops and serving them as works of art.

The waiters weren't slow in learning that the word "Clarendon" was the passport to the kitchen's best—the open sesame, as it were.

So it happened that one afternoon a waiter came into the kitchen with the order:

"T-bone steak, rare, for Mr. Clarendon."

The man at the broiler threw up his hands.

"What's come over Mr. Clarendon?" he asked in astonishment. "He has had two porterhouse steaks, boiled salmon, ham and eggs, three oyster stews, sanddabs, chops, and now he wants a T-bone steak—and all in an hour!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

WHY THE HORSE TREMBLES

Asking Zeus To Improve Him, the God Created and Showed Him the Camel.

"Father of beasts and of men!" so spake the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus—"I am said to be one of the most beautiful animals with which thou has adorned the world; and my self-love leads me to believe it. Nevertheless, might not some things in me still be improved?"

"And what in thee, thinkest thou, admits of improvement? Speak! I am open to instruction," said the indulgent god with a smile.

"Perhaps," returned the horse, "I should be fleeter if my legs were taller and thinner. A long swan neck would not disfigure me. A broader breast would add to my strength. And, since thou hast once for all destined me to bear thy favorite, man—the saddle which the well meaning rider puts upon me might be created a part of me."

"Good," replied Zeus, "wait a moment!"

Zeus, with earnest countenance, pronounced the creative word. Then flowed life into the dust; then organized matter combined; and there stood before the throne the ugly camel.

The horse saw, shuddered and trembled with fear and abhorrence.

"Here," said Zeus, "are taller and thinner legs; here is a long swan-neck; here is a broader breast; here is the created saddle! Wilt thou, horse! that I should transform thee after this fashion?"

The horse still trembled.

"Go!" continued Zeus. "Be instructed, for this once, without being punished. But to remind thee, with occasional compunction, of thy presumption—do thou, new creation, continue!" Zeus cast a preserving glance on the camel. "And never shall the horse behold thee without trembling."—From Lessing's Fables.

PICTURE OF MODERN LIFE

Little Telephone Conversation Between Husband and Wife That Hits Off Modern Conditions.

Mr. Jones (at the telephone)—Hello, is that you, dear?

Mrs. Jones (at the other end)—Yes, Edward.

Mr. Jones—I won't be home for dinner tonight and probably not until very late afterward. Don't sit up for me.

Mrs. Jones—What is it, lodge night, or work at the office?

Mr. Jones—Neither. Collins and the gang want me to stay here at the club for dinner and there's to be a little game in the evening. I think I can bring home a few dollars to you for a new hat or something.

Mrs. Jones—Oh, very well. But if you lose, don't you dare say anything to me about what I dropped at bridge yesterday. And Edward—

Mr. Jones—Yes, dear.

Mrs. Jones—Come home moderately sober. Stick to beer. The last time you mixed 'em and you remember—it took two of your friends and a cop to bring you home. I won't be up when you come home—don't wake me.

Thornless Blackberries.

I have heard of thornless blackberries having been discovered in North Carolina and along the eastern coast, but unfortunately the berries were not of any use for food. I have also grown so-called, but not by any means thornless, ones 40 years ago. Electricity was also known for thousands of years, but it was worthless until developed. Steam was also useless as an aid in performing the labor of mankind until some one made it useful. It is the same with the thornless blackberry. It is now productive; delicious to eat, large and in every way valuable for food, and absolutely smooth like the twig of an apple tree. There are seedless apples in existence today, but none of them are of any commercial value. There was once a so-called stoneless plum, but it was not larger than a large bean, and was not fit for human food. The bush was an ill-shaped thorny one and the fruit absolutely useless. Now there are, growing on my farms, splendid prunes and plums which are stoneless. Nature gives us a hint and it is man's business to carry out the work to produce results.—Luther Burbank in the Christian Herald.

Shooting on an English Estate.

A gentleman from London was invited to go for "a day's snipe shooting" in the country. The invitation was accepted and the host and guest shouldered guns and sallied forth in quest of game.

After a time a solitary snipe rose, and promptly fell to the visitor's first barrel.

The host's face fell also.

"We may as well return," he remarked, gloomily, "for that was the only snipe in the neighborhood.

The bird had afforded excellent sport to all his friends for six weeks.

Wireless to Synchronize Clocks.

All public clocks in the German empire will hereafter be synchronized by means of wireless telegraphy. A master clock in a new station now being constructed at the town of Fulda will actuate the radiotransmitter every minute. The tower over the station will be 300 feet high. A census recently taken of the public clocks in London shows the importance of such a project, because a total variation was found of twenty-one minutes, from slow to fast. Only 3½ per cent of the timepieces gave the correct Greenwich time.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING

— AND —

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns

For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined. None higher than 15 cents. Buy from your dealer, or by mail from

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Note—Sample Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free, on request.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG

Drug Store

LEGAL BLANKS

OIL AND GAS LEASES
FARM LEASES
NOTES, etc.

When in need of printed blanks call at this office, we carry a full line

RUBY

Birth Stone of JULY

Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers

Smethport, - - Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kuppenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

Lowe's 37 MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 26, 1912.

The Waterbury Republican has a keen and nimble wit coupled with admirable foresight. It advises its readers to vote for Taft, pray for Roosevelt and bet on Wilson.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Last Friday, Judge Robert W Archbald, of the Commerce court, against whom impeachment proceedings are in progress, appeared before the Senate, sitting as impeachment court and through his attorneys asked for 20 days in which to prepare his answer to the 13 articles of impeachment presented by the House. After considerable debate, July 29, at 12:30 o'clock, was set at the time the case would continue.

The sale of tickets to the third party national convention in Chicago, August 5, was opened at Chicago headquarters last Thursday. Within a few hours it was announced $1,500 had been received, $1,000 of this amount being for 50 tickets from one man, whose name was not given out Medill McCormick said it was planned to have the receipts from the tickets pay most of the convention expenses, estimated at $25,000.

The body of Nathan Swartz, whose father informed the police that his son was the slayer of 14-year-old Julia Connors, was found early last Thursday on the fourth floor of a tenement house on Chrystie street, New York. Swartz had committed suicide by inhaling gas. The body was identified by Detective Joseph Brennan. Swartz had hired the room eight days ago Early Thursday the landlord smelled gas. On investigation he found Swartz in bed with the end of a gas tube that ran from the middle of the ceiling, tied to his mouth. Examination by a hospital physician showed the man was dead.

There will be general regret in reading and literary circles over the death of Andrew Lang, which occurred at Banchory, Scotland, on July 21, due to heart disease. Probably no member of England's coterie of modern writers was more versatile or more admired. As a critic, poet, and writer of classical subjects, Mr. Lang had gained high prominence in his profession, a profession which he followed for the very love of it. Inspiration for his work was always present in large measure, and his talent was of that diversified character possessed by few servants of literature. Of certain subjects he was a master, and as journalist, essayist, poet, novelist or translator, his remarkable talents were at all times in evidence. Mr. Lang was a graduate of Oxford University with high standing in his classes. He was a great lover of sports, revelling in the enjoyment of golf, cricket and fishing. His career in literature began in 1872, and from that time until his last sickness, he was a most prolific producer. His published works form a lengthy list, in which are included several volumes which have attracted world-wide interest. While literature was to the bonny Scot his chief interest in life, he was unconfined to narrow limits, his field of effort covering the widest range. His death will be regarded as a great misfortune to the literary world, and a cause for general sorrow.—Buffalo Commercial.

A great amount of discussion is taking place in the Senate at present in regards to the Panama canal bill. That body appears divided as to whether American ships should be allowed free passage through the canal or pay toll the same as foreign bottoms. The controversy hinges on the interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty entered into between the United States and Great Britain in 1901. The Buffalo Commercial in referring to the matter says:

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901 superseded the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850. The latter compact contained the following clause: "The governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal . . . ."

So long as the foregoing provision in the treaty of 1850 in force and effect, the United States was absolutely barred from building the Panama canal, because it was out of the question for this nation to construct a canal and pay all the expense, only to permit England to exercise co-ordinate control over the waterway. This partnership was dissolved by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, by which the United States has to obtain it the United States has to make certain valuable concessions to Great Britain. The principal one was a pledge from this country that it would never discriminate against any other nation in the use of the canal. This, of course, included an obligation on the part of the United States not to discriminate in favor of its own shipping. Having surrendered her equality with the United States in all things Great Britain was justified in believing that she had retained equality at least in the matter of tolls.

The terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty are clear and unmistakable. No amount of pettifogging or special pleading can distort its meaning; and it is not honorable upon our part to seek to evade its letter or its spirit. We have nothing to gain by such sharp practice. We will only invite retribution and humiliation, because if ever the case goes to The Hague, as it surely will if we attempt to violate the plain terms of the treaty, we will certainly be assessed heavy damages. It is estimated that we will collect from foreign vessels passing through the canal at least $10,000,000 a year, and in five years, the shortest time at least when a decision could be expected from The Hague, the amount thus paid in would be not less than $50,000,000. And if we have to pay this back we will have not only stood the entire expense of building the canal, but we will have operated it five years free to all nations of the world. Even the United States cannot afford to commit such a tremendous financial blunder.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., July 24.—The note of dissent, which the British government handed Secretary of State Knox last week and which in turn has been transmitted to the Senate by the State Department, opposing the free toll feature of the Panama Canal bill now under discussion in the upper branch of the national legislature, may have some bearing on the legislation to be enacted affecting the operation and government of the canal but just now the Senate is going ahead discussing the House bill as amended by the Senate committee on Interoceanic canals as if the request for the delay had never been sent.

Should the Panama Canal bill as it passes the Senate retain the House provision for free tools for coastwise vessels, as now seems certain, the bill must still go to conference, as there are a number of extremely important amendments in the Senate bill, which if they pass in the form reported to the Senate will necessarily invite controversy between the conferees.

The British contention that the provision which practically gives free passage to certain American ships is in contravention of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is not without support in both Houses of Congress, but a careful canvass of the Senate shows that a majority of that body is on the side of free tolls, and it is believed that feature of the House bill will be retained even if there should be a considerable change in the section of the bill relating to the use of the canal by railroad-owned steamships.

The debate on the Panama Canal bill will probably last for a fortnight, the bill having to be laid aside when supply bills are ready for consideration. It is expected the discussion will take a wide range and will call out all the constitutional sharps and experts. That a strong effort will be made to provide not merely for free tolls to American vessels in the coastwise trade, but for such revision of the worn-out navigation laws of this country as to admit foreign built vessels to American registry is also deemed a certainty.

Is the long-expected era of dress reform in men's evening dress about to dawn, has been asked repeatedly since the dinner given last week in honor of Senator Bradley of Kentucky by a rich constituent of the "blue grass" statesman. Thirty senators attended the dinner which was a "corker" for fair.

But what about clothes? Mr Bradley appeared in pure white from head to foot, including even a white necktie. Senator Lodge dazzled the beholders with a crash suit, with unpressed trousers which seemed a foot too long for him. Senator Bristow was in full evening dress and he seemed ill at ease throughout the affair. He came in with Senator Brandegee who was tastefully attired in a pepper and salt sack suit.

Senator John Sharp Williams may be regarded as an exception to the rule for he wore something that might have passed for evening dress during his student days in old Heidelberg on the Natchez, about the year 1860. It was one of those rolling collar things that used to go with Daniel Webster's plug hat. Senator Bailey, who made one of the most notable speeches of his career, and also impressed the guests with his erudition and his powers of prophesy, wore black, but not evening dress. The

used to call a "Prince Albert."

The general staff of the army has completed its plans for an entire reorganization and increase of the military establishment, a work upon which it has been employed ever since it was founded some years ago. The great object sought is the reorganization of the army on the footing of constant readiness for war with a permanent expeditionary force always ready for immediate service.

In a report to the secretary of war the general staff says as a result of close study of the situation in the United States that a half million men are needed in the first line of defense including 50,000 coast artillery. "This is the minimum number of first line troops necessary; and that to augment this force and replace its losses we should have plans made for raising immediately an additional force of 300,000 men. All these forces should be available for service anywher."

The present land forces of the United States comprise in the regular army, about 68,000 men out of the total of about 95,500 authorized; and in the National Guard, about 125,000 men. The National Guard is not liable for duty on foreign soil, though it can volunteer for this service.

The organization of the regular army on a division basis is declared to be the moving reason for the proposal to reduce the number of army posts from forty-nine to eight, a step which would replace the present dispersal of the regular forces by a greater concentration. This feature of the proposed scheme of reorganization would be fought bitterly by those representatives in whose districts posts have already established.

THE WARREN HOSPITAL.

Interesting Figures Relating to Institution for Insane.

Warren, Pa., July 21.—The annual report of the North Warren State hospital for the insane has been issued and it is a very interesting document.

The number of patients receiving treatment during the year covered by the report just issued exceeds the number shown by the previous report by 49. In 1910 there were 1,726 patients in the hospital and the last report shows 1,785. During the year 1911 there were 395 patients admitted and 311 discharged. Of those admitted there were 232 males and 163 females. Of those discharged there were 172 males and 139 females, of which number 36 males and 22 females were restored; 47 males and 54 females were improved; 8 males and 2 females were unimproved; 5 males and 1 female were not insane and 76 males and 60 females died. The general health at the hospital has been good and there have been no epidemics and through the efforts at sanitation there has been practically no typhoid fever.

During the year past there were three cases of suicide, and one case of murder. One male patient hanged himself, one threw himself into the pit at the pumping station and a female cut her throat by using a piece of glass from a drinking glass. The murder was committed when two female patients got into an altercation, one injuring the other so badly death resulted.

LABORERS SCARCE.

Plenty of Jobs Open for Men Who Wish Work.

Throughout the whole country the demand for ordinary laboring men is far in advance of the supply. From the Pittsburgh Gazette Times we clip the following in regard to conditions in Pittsburgh:

From 4,000 to 5,000 laboring jobs are going begging in Pittsburgh. There is a greater scarcity of unskilled workmen in this section at present than at any time since the boom year of 1907. Conservative estimates place the needs of the vicinity at 4,000 men, while in some quarters it is asserted that as high as 7,000 additional laborers could obtain employment in the mills, manufacturies and railroads in this section.

Within the past few weeks the wages of the laborers have been advanced in the various establishments, while in the open market the quotations have advanced from $1.50 a day to $1.85. In some instances as high as $2.00 a day is being paid the men of brawn, at the rate of 25 cents an hour.

At many of the plants and industries the men who work through the day are having their envelopes fattened by the addition of overtime. While the whole country and the entire state report a lack of laborers, the scarcity in the city is attributed to the cutting of the hump and the need of men for street improvements and of the revival in business. Another factor in the famine, railroad officials state, is the small immigration to this country this year. It is said the major portion of the immigration is going to Canada, where the railroads have need of 50,000 men for construction work.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Ground was broken Thursday for the erection of the building for the Weeks' Scale works, which means that within the near future Mt. Jewett will add to the number of her industries an old and well established business enterprise employing quite a number of men, and one that is destined to grow and prove of great benefit to this community. Now that Mt Jewett has learned the "how" of locating desirable industrial enterprises, and every indication points to an era of industrial up-lift, our people should be doubly vilgant in their quest for others.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Dog days are here with us, of which there are forty, during the hottest part of the year, beginning with the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog star. The time of rising is not, owing to the procession of the equinoxes, different from what it was to the ancients, July 1, and the dog days are counted from July 8 to August 11, that is, 20 days before and 20 days after the heliacal rising. Dog days are usually accompanied by sultry conditions, and the housewife finds it difficult to keep milk and other food from quickly spoiling or becoming unfit to eat. The atmosphere causes langour and children to become peevish. The star itself has nothing to do with the atmospheric conditions, but co-incident with Sirius rising at the same time as the sun we have sultry and heated conditions and has given the period named as "dog days."

—County Detective E. W. Jones, of Smethport, went to Buffalo a few days ago after Arthur Ogden, formerly a resident of Foster Brook. Ogden was arrested at the instigation of District Attorney T. B. Wilson. It is alleged that Ogden left his wife and family in Bradford some time ago and was not providing for them as a husband and father should. Mrs. Ogden, the wife, is at Bon Air sanatorium and the children are with relatives at Foster Brook. It is stated that Ogden recently sold his property at Foster Brook and took the proceeds with him when he left town. He was located in Buffalo and the arrest followed.—Bradford Era. Mr. Jones has arrived home, but he didn't bring his man with him. Mr. Jones found that Ogden would not return to Bradford without requisition papers and he will be detained there for 30 days on a charge of being a fugitive from justice and, in the meantime, the required papers will be obtained.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Guy B. Mayo was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Miss Margaret Sasse is visiting friends in Kane this week.

Leanora and Harold Lemmler are visiting friends in Rushford, N. Y.

H. H. Sasse was a Kane visitor a few days this week.

E. W. Workley was a Buffalo visitor a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham returned home Monday from Clarion, Pa

George J. Chase was in New York city this week on business.

Robert Bush of Kane has been the guest of Neil Holder for the past week.

J. S. Kenemuth of Rew was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. T. L. Sartwell of Eldred was the guest of Mrs. F. C. Sartwell this week.

Harry Ellis of Binghamton, N. Y., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clinton L. Irons.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Bain were the guests of relatives in Bradford over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Engstrom and son, Carlton, were Buffalo visitors Tuesday.

Miss Charlotte Hector of Chicago is the guest of her parents and friends in town.

V. B. Bouton, who has been in Cleveland, Ohio, on business, has returned home.

Miss Lena Bair of Olean was the guest of friends in town from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. F. L. Sherburne and daughter Miss Inza, have returned from a visit at Emporium.

Mrs. Larned of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. F. Redfield.

Charles Broadbent of Camden, N. J., is a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Charles Bush.

Merril Bisett has returned from a visit with relatives and friends at Pittsburgh and Corapolis.

Miss Beulah Holder left yesterday on a two weeks visit with relatives in Olean and Port Allegany.

Aaron Engstrom left Saturday for a week's visit with his son, John, and family at Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Erie were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Freeman a few days last week.

Mrs. W. L. Hammar and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield left Monday in the former's touring car for Saratoga Springs.

(Additional Personals on Page 8.)

MEN ONLY
All Wool Blue Serge Suit Sale.
25---Blue Serge Suits---25
[Absolutely Guaranteed.]
GOING AT
$11.25
Try one on now while we have your size.
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries
WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY
When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!
TRY THESE, They'll Please!
GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.
ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.
F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

$3.25 Niagara Falls
5 DAY EXCURSION
SATURDAY, AUGAST 3, 1912
Train Leaves Newton 2:56 p. m.
via
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry.,
"THE WAY TO GO"
O. O. D. PASCAULT,
Division Passenger Agent,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. E. HUNTINGTON.
General Passenger Agent,
Rochester, N. Y.

SWAT THE FLIES
OR CATCH THOSE
Disease Carriers in the
WAGNER FLY TRAP
FOR SALE BY
CHAS. W. MASSER,
SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

For
Fresh Candies
Nuts and
Fruit
Go To
Brasted's

Goes Further—Costs Less
DAVIS
BAKING POWDER
The best that can be made. Retails for less than other so-called "best" Baking Powders—hence ECONOMY, if nothing more, should induce you to use it. A little goes a long ways and every bit counts.
Sold by all good Grocers. Insist on having it.

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

"WHEN YOU THINK OF PAINT"

REMEMBER DEVOE

You can't go wrong if you use Devoe. It is the oldest paint on the market today and has stood the test of years. Its covering capacity is not equaled by any paint on the market. We also handle the Devoe Gloss Carriage Paint in all colors.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

BELIEVING

That the people in this vicinity are interested in the

Quality of Groceries.

We handle the very best of goods of their class to be found in any market. Our aim is to keep pace with all new and fresh goods and offer the same at the market value prices, giving you value received for your money.

Our goods are always fresh and clean and the quality is a memory of long standing with our customers, being the cause of a large increase in our business. We invite you to call and inspect the largest ane most complete line of Groceries in this vicinity.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 25, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The road scraper is at work on Mechanic street to-day.

—The open season for catching brook trout closes next Wednesday July 31.

—C. Herzog is having his house on Mill street, occupied by Claude Rice, repainted.

—Chas. W. Masser, the hardware man, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Stark of Eldred, on Wednesday, July 17, 1912, a son.

—Mrs. J. Clayton Backus entertained a number of ladies Friday in honor of Mrs. B. S. Bayle.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained a few friends at her home on Church street Monday evening.

—A new cement crosswalk has been laid across Mechanic street at the intersection of King street.

—Miss May Choate entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Octavia Raymer has accepted a position in the store of Fry & Comes as cashier and bookkeeper.

—The B., R. & P. Ry. is advertising a 5-day excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, leaving on Saturday, August 3rd.

—The diphtheria cases at the home of O. D. Cory, on Pierce Brook, are getting along nicely. No new cases have developed.

—Miss May Choate entertained a party of ladies last Thursday afternoon at bridge whist at her home on King street.

—Hon. J. W. Bouton and son, Edwin, Claude Shattuck and John B. Eastman left yesterday for a week's fishing trip in Canada.

—The weekly concerts to be given by the I. O. O. F. band on the court house square will not commence until a week from to-night.

—Mrs. Maria Carter, who had the misfortune to fall down a flight of stairs last week, has so far recovered as to be able to be out again.

—A representative of the Anti-Saloon League will fill the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday a. m., July 28. No evening service.

—Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Edna Comes to Mr. Charles Edward Walker, to take place on Thursday, August 1, 1912.

—Mrs. George H. Denning entertained a party of ladies at dinner last Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Burdette S. Bayle, of Ambridge, Pa.

—On Monday, July 15, the voters of Port Allegany decided, at a special election, to bond that borough to the extent of $15,000 for paving purposes.

—William, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, who suffered a slight heat prostration last week, is much improved at the present writing.

—From a postal received from Mrs. James Hulings, who is visiting in Phoenixville, Pa., we regret to say that her mother, Mrs. Cramer, is dangerously ill.

—Mrs. S. F. Redfield and Mrs. W. L. Hammar entertained a party of Smethport ladies at six o'clock dinner at the Country Club, Bradford, Saturday evening.

—Sheriff M. C. Sale has appointed George A. Montgomery, of Kane, as deputy sheriff. Mr. Montgomery will continue to reside in Kane for the present at least.

—The following are spending the week-end at Frog Camp: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lyle Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sasse

—The well of Bouton & Forrest on the Duffy farm, west of town, was shot last Friday and made a good showing. It is expected the new well will do about 5 barrels a day.

—The home of Ed. Sloppy, at the west end of town was disinfected last Friday and the quarantine removed. The house has been under quarantine for scarlet fever for the past month.

—Miss May Choate entertained a number of ladies at her home on King street last Friday afternoon in honor of her grandmother, Mrs. McCoy's, 89th birthday. Refreshments were served.

—Articles of agreement have been signed for a second lightweight championship prize fight between Ad Wolgast, the present champion, and Joe Rivers, the Mexican, to take place in the Vernon (Cal.) arena, on Labor Day.

—The annual summer excursion of the Pennsylvania State Editorial association, scheduled to begin yesterday was cancelled, because the number registered did not warrant the officers in going on with the plans for the trip.

—The Misses Clyte and Cora Abbey gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Carrie Ellingsfeldt last Friday evening at their home on Bank street. The bride-elect was the recepient of many useful and beautiful gifts. Refreshments were served.

—The Misses Cheeseman, of Olean, gave a linen shower to Miss Edna Comes, at their home in that city, last Thursday evening. The bride-elect received many beautiful and useful pieces of linen. Refreshments were served and a fine time was had.

—Rev. Russell D. Carter will preach next Sunday in the Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Carter is a young man from Shinglehouse, Pa., and full of energy in Christian work. J. Booth, pastor.

—Next Wednesday night the fire in the Berney-Bond bottle factory will be put out for the balance of the summer. This has been one of the most successful runs in the history of the factory, with the exception of last winter when the gas was too low for the factory to run.

—In a verdict returned yesterday morning the coroner's jury held Engineer William Schroeder and Flagman Lane responsible for the wreck near Corning, N. Y., on the D., L. & W. railroad, on July 4. Warrants charging them with manslaughter in the second degree were issued by Coroner Herbert B. Smith.

—The ladies of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a cooked food sale and a palm donation in the chapel of the M. E. church, Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock for the benefit of the family of P. E. Abbey. Although the solicitor does not call upon you, kindly come and bring what you can afford.

—The P. H. C. of Olean has invited Smethport Circle and friends to join them in their annual basket picnic and dance to be held at Riverhurst, July 31, and the Smethport Circle has accepted the invitation. Rates will be secured on P., S. & N. regular trains A full attendance is requested next Tuesday evening, July 30. Everybody invited to the picnic.

—Mrs. S. R. Lindsley went to Kane on Monday, July 15, and on Wednesday of last week entered the Kane Summit hospital for treatment. On Friday she underwent an extensive and critical operation. Mrs. Lindsley withstood the shock of the operation well, and her many friends will be pleased to hear she is getting along as well as could be expected.

—The report that is going around to the effect that the county W. C. T. U. intends publishing the names of all signers of petitions for liquor licenses in this county, is a trifle overdrawn, as The Miner is informed the W. C. T. U. never intended publishing the names of any signers except those on petitions against which remonstrances were filed.

—Benjamin Cummings, of Eldred, aged about 70 years, died at the County Home last Friday. He had been suffering from paralysis for some time past, and this, coupled with ills incident to old age, brought on his death. Mr. Cummings entered the County Home about three months ago. Undertaker Sasse took charge of the body and it was taken to Eldred for burial.

—Ringtown, a borough near Hazelton, Pa., has lost a stocking factory because there was a scarcity of labor at the place and no prospects of securing any. Ringtown is the center of a farming community and most of the girls prefer to work at home rather than in a mill. The stocking factory has been removed to Austin, Pa., the town wiped out by the great flood September 30th, last.

—The Progressive County committee held its meeting in Bradford yesterday. The two Democratic candidates for Members of Assembly from this county, Hon. E. R. Benson, of Mt. Jewett, and Lyman M. Finney, of Bradford, tendered their resignations, and were accepted by the committee. Many resolutions were adopted. The meeting was a very harmonious one Thomas H. Clark represented Smethport as delegate.

—E. A. Hamilton, Claude Lyons and William Colegrove arrived home from Columbus, Ohio, Tuesday night on their motorcycles, wher they had been attending the Motorcyclists convention. They left Columbus on Sunday, and rode from Ashtabula, Ohio, to Smethport on Tuesday, a distance of about 200 miles. In all they covered a trifle over 400 miles each way. They report a fine time and many amusing and interesting experiences.

—The I. O. O. F. band journeyed to Norwich last Friday night in automobiles, where they gave a very successful dance in the Armstrong hall in that place. The Smethport Male quartette accompanied them and rendered several pleasing selections which was greatly enjoyed by all. The concerts which were to have been given at the various places along the road to Norwich were abandoned owing to the late hour of starting.

—One of the most depraving acts recorded in this state in many a year was the one perpetrated on Miss Stella P. Hockenberry, a young lady of Slippery Rock, near Butler. The details of the crime are too shocking to print. On Tuesday afternoon Nero Koister and Carl Snyder, young men of Slippery Rock, accused by Miss Hockenberry on her death bed as perpetrators of the crime, were given a preliminary hearing. The coroner's jury found that she came to her death from alconolism and abuse.

—Slowly but surely, Austin is retrieving lost ground since the terrible catastrophe received on September 30 last. That place will now erect two new expensive temples of worship, a Methodist and a Catholic church. The Methodist church plans are already in the hands of the bidders and is to be built of brick with slate roof and in every way modern. The money problem has been settled. The Catholic structure is to be still more expensive than the Methodist, and both are to be completed this fall.

—Considerable excitement was created at the Union depot at Erie Monday night when it was learned that a young woman who had entered the depot with a baby had boarded a train after she put the child to sleep on one of the seats in the waiting room. The officers say it was a case of desertion and the woman is being sought, a description of her being given the police by a person who had observed her actions on entering the depot. The child was taken to a home and will be cared for until its identity is learned.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two- or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

One $3,200 Pope-Hartford 40-horse power, equipped with new tires all around and all modern accessories. This car is a great bargain at $700.00. Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,
tf Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

THAT GOOD COLLEGE

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR IS

ALLEGHENY

WRITE TO PRESIDENT CRAWFORD

YEAR OPENS SEPT. 17 — MEADVILLE, PA.

YOU SAVE

AS MUCH AS

$1.10

and not less than 50c if you

Buy a Wash Suit

this week. These fine Sailor and Russian Blouse Suits sold for what they are actually worth, $1.40 to $2.00. But you can

take your choice

of any of these suits this week

at 98c

sizes 3 to 9.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Ghost Shirts

F.R.Y & COMES

Store Closed at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

A Sale Of Remnants.

Short lengths of desirable merchandise at about half usual prices.

A Great accumulation of remnants from our July Clearance Sale will be placed on sale Friday morning.

Remnants of Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Prints, Ginghams, Percales, Towelings, Muslin, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Dress Goods, Linings.

It will pay you to come.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

RESILIO

Makes it so. It cures every evil chargeable to pneumatic tires. It increases the life of the casings fifty to one hundred per cent. It never loses its vitality. It is a perfect shock absorber. It rides as easy as air. It saves money and annoyance. It does not granulate, freeze or soften. It fits any tire on any rim. It is absolutely trouble proof. It saves expense in special tools. AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, It permits one to continually enjoy the pleasures automobiles were intended to promote.

RESILIO—What It Is

Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

RECILIO

To cover every known objection in tire construction, which it does in the most simple manner and at a very reasonable price.

RESILIO Has Stood the Test

Before a single claim had been made for RESILIO it had been tested for two years on cars subjected to every possible use, and under all climatic conditions.

Actual tests show great gains in efficiency of power in your gasoline; a feature worth remembering.

The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

IT IS PERFECTION IN A TIRE FILLER.

If you are interested in RESILIO; for prices and further information call on or address

PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa.

OR

BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,

Sole agents for McKean County.

The Hardware Clerk's Summer

By Ebba Wigfass

This thing began at a New England seashore resort a year ago last summer.

The young man concerned in the case was from and is of New York. So was and is the girl.

The young fellow at that time had a job in a New York hardware store. He was a hustling, alert salesman, and a pretty good handshaker, and got $20 a week by way of salary.

When he reached the New England seashore resort, however, he didn't look like any $20 a week hardware clerk. On the contrary he looked like several different shades of prompt money.

He had a number of very flossy pairs of white duck trousers, a bunch of outing shirts that were, as he himself well knew and said, all the bonbons, and other attractive wardrobe features.

In addition he possessed winning ways.

When he left for the resort he had two weeks off with pay, a little bank wad in his pocket and a determination to have a hull heap of a good time for himself and his money while he was away from th' ol' New York.

The hotel was, as he found when he got there, littered, cluttered, loaded up, jammed, stuffed and packed to the gun'ls with oodles and slews and slathers of pretty girls. Peaches, all of them. Lookers, every one of them. They wore all beautiful enough to cause a young hardware clerk on two weeks leave of absence to suffer at least momentarily from the blind staggers at the first sight of 'em.

And to match this tremendous assortment of pretty girls scattered all over and around the seashore hotel, there were just four male persons. The hardware clerk didn't have to be even a little bit conceited to discern that he had the other three male persons backed off the boards in every imaginable respect.

He could see that they wouldn't do at all. The girls had been tolerating 'em around, but the clerk saw right

Sat on the Sand During the Long Afternoon.

away that they were all platers, and that there wasn't going to be any trouble for him to get in good, or pretty good.

As a matter of fact, he didn't have any. He just looked 'em all over with the coldest eye, and it was all right.

He didn't have any bother whatever in getting introduced to her. Fact is, there wasn't any introduction.

She was being chaperoned by her aunt, but the chaperon didn't figure at all. The hardware clerk permitted his hardly choice to fall upon this raving, ravishing, maddening beauty, and all the rest of the girl's immediately began to knock her, of course, whereas they'd been parading around the hotel piazzas with arms wrapped around her waist before the presentable youth, the hardware clerk, had made his appearance upon the scene.

Now, at the outset the hardware clerk only meant to be a gay dog and an awful cutup and clip among the girls. But he hadn't been going around with this one girl of his careful selection for two days before he began to perceive that he was in bad.

That is to say, he found that he was falling most hopelessly and fatuously and idiotically in love with the girl.

Fatuously and idiotically because it didn't take him long to find out that the girl really belonged to a moneyed kind of family in these New York parts.

"And me podding alligator files and monkey wrenches for two sawbucks the dinar week!" was the way he expressed it mentally when he found himself falling so enormously in love.

"I'm a fine iron butcher to be thinking about asking a girl like that to tie up with me, I sure am."

However, he didn't feel like crabbing his vacation, so to speak. He couldn't make out how he stood with the girl—who can?—but he observed that she seemed to like to go about with him. He doped it out that the only possible or imaginable reason for this was that he was the only practicable male person about the hotel premises, and he was sure that this was the only correct appraisal of the situation.

They sat on the sand during the long forenoons under the shade of the big umbrella listening to the melancholy monotone of the sea and chucking sand into each other's shoes.

They paraded along the sea's verge under the same old, big old moon of all the ages.

He didn't whisper anything to her about the state of his feelings. Yet he couldn't help but glance at her with a heap of wistfulness as the two weeks' vacation drew to a close, and more or twice he fancied that she returned the wistful gaze.

But he wasn't going to take the chance of making the bad break of declaring himself unless he knew positively that he had at least a little bit of a one in a hundred chance.

So after the most delirious two weeks of his life he returned to New York the most miserable hardware clerk on the face of the inhabitable globe.

When he had parted from the girl in a shadowy corner of the hotel plaza on the night before his departure he had been sorely tempted to tell her things. He refrained, however, by a gigantic effort, although he did pick a long golden hair from the lapel of his blue serge coat when he got to his room at that.

She invited him upon parting to be sure to call upon her in New York in the autumn, and he told her that he sure would, and—

But just a moment, please.

Now, if this were one of those hilarious, made to order yarns there's not a doubt in life that the average reader would get a whole lot more good out of it.

But it isn't one of those things. On the contrary, it's a strictly veracious narrative.

The professional funny men would have the world believe that young folks who meet each other at the seashore never by the remotest chance ever think of keeping up the acquaintance made down by the sea's verge when they get back home, and that such seashore affairs never, never on earth result in anything worth mentioning.

Now they do.

They result, as a matter of fact, in a heap of marriages.

The professional screech evoker would wind up the story in this manner:

He'd have the girl drop into the hardware store some gray day of the following October to look at a pair of roller skates or to examine some andirons for the hall fireplace at her rich home, and she'd come face to face with the young hardware clerk, upon whose blue serge lapel she'd left a couple, if not more, of her golden hairs at the seashore a few months before.

The jokesmith would have the young clerk start with an expression of acute pleasure to greet the young woman, addressing her with the phrase, "Oh, Miss Gotgilt, how exceedingly well you look! And don't you recall our jolly times at the seashore a little while ago?" And then the young woman would "draw herself up to her full height" in a most freezing manner and address him as if he were a lightning bug or a German carp, asking him to be good enough to show her a coal cattle, and that would be the windup of the seashore romance according to the usual view of it.

This, however, is different, for real life doesn't trot to pole with the jokesmith's gage.

Consequently, as a simple matter of fact, when this young woman returned to New York the hardware clerk called upon her at her folks' handsome home almost immediately, and he got a mighty pleasant reception from her, and she looked mighty glad to see him.

She introduced him to her father and mother and he made a prompt hit with both of the old folks by his frank and on the level manner. They may and probably did have all sorts of other ideas for the girl, but when she told them, a few months after the young hardware clerk had called, that he'd asked her to marry him and that she'd fixed the date for the following June—the June of 1908—they accepted the situation as it was framed up, and the marriage came off exactly as per program.

It's a prosaic sort of finish and all like that, maybe, but facts are facts and not fancies, and so the prosaic windup really can't be helped a bit.

Holes in Ships and Compressed Air.

A method of rendering vessels unsinkable by means of compressed air, applied in such a manner as to plug or shut off the inrush of water through holes in the bottom or sides of the hull, was recently tested out on the battleship North Carolina, and is described in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The important feature of the method of applying the compressed air to prevent water from entering the vessel through holes is the graduated pressure of air exerted in the compartments surrounding the punctured compartment.

If a vessel has a draft of, say, 30 feet, the application of sufficient pressure to keep the water from entering a hole near the bottom of the hull would subject the upper decks to a very considerable pressure which might cause bad strain. When, however, a hole is punctured in the lower portion of the hull, and the air pressure required by the hydrostatic pressure is exerted to keep the water out, the compartments immediately above and around the punctured compartment are reinforced by a lighter air pressure, and these compartments are in turn supported by applying a still lighter pressure to the next surrounding compartments. This, it is claimed, prevents the straining or buckling of decks, bulkheads, etc.

Don Quixote, Jr.

By Alice Killian

He was seated in the sweet smelling hay in the loft of the great old barn. His straw hat lay beside him, his bare toes wriggled in the excitement, but he was oblivious to everything but the doughty deeds of Sir Montague the Mighty. He had just reached the place where his hero had slain three of the robbers and was struggling desperately with the fourth, from whom he had rescued the fair lady, when a discordant voice brought him back to this twentieth century.

"John! Oh, Johnnie!"

"Who calls upon Sir John the Valiant?" answered he in a deep bass which almost choked him. A moment more and there appeared at the top of the ladder a woman's face. The forehead was lined with care and the mouth had a discouraged droop, but there was a gleam of unquenchable mirth in the faded blue eyes.

"I wish't the noble Sir John would make haste and fetch his paw's caows from the south pastur'," said she, her eyes dancing.

Sir John rose, drew himself up so that he looked at least six feet two in his mind's eye, folded his arms and gazed with a haughty stare at his mother.

"Woman, I am not a slave. I am a knight," quoth he. Just then he heard the strident voice of Silas as he addressed sundry remarks to the horses.

"Thy minion is without, call him to do thy bidding," added Sir John.

"Ef you mean Silas, he's got all he kin do, and you needn't be callin' him names, neither," said his mother, her face hardening.

But Sir John positively refused to outrage his knightly dignity by driving cattle. His mother, after coaxing and threatening in vain, left him, and in a few moments his father appeared and unceremoniously dragged the noble knight to the woodshed. The hero took the first strokes of the rawhide

Headed His Fiery Steed Toward the Woods.

in Spartan silence, but as it came down for the fifth time he cast dignity to the winds and howled lustily.

It was not long after that the cows came home driven by a knight with a sore back and a bruised soul.

That night he could not lie on his back long at a time, and so he tossed about and thought deep and bitter thoughts. He told himself "he didn't keer about the hurt," although he was not at all comfortable, but it was the idea that he, a brave knight, should be whipped. And, worst of all, he had shed unmanly tears. He said to himself that it was fun to fight, but the story book heroes never had to take a lickin'. But they wouldn't have cried, anyway. He had disgraced himself. He wondered if he could ever regain his honor and self-respect.

Finally he fell asleep, but in the morning the thought of his humiliation still haunted him. He brooded all day, and toward night he made an awful resolve. He would leave home. He would go out and win his spurs.

At supper that night an enormous amount of cornbread disappeared, but he did not eat it. He slipped most of it into his pockets. He went upstairs early, but not to sleep. Instead, he lay on the floor and listened breathlessly for his parents to come up. After what seemed an eternity he heard them mount the steep stairs. He waited several decades longer until he heard his father's snore, and then stole down stairs, took his father's saber from the wall and felt his way to the kitchen. Then he strapped on the sword, and felt that his adventures had begun. After groping around for some time he found the object of his search, the big tin coffee pot. This made an excellent helmet, and, balancing it on his head with difficulty, he crept outside and strode toward the barn. As he reached the barn door his helmet dropped with a fearful clatter. The cattle were naturally somewhat alarmed, and set up a sleepy neighing and lowing. Soon the panic had spread to the chickens, and they crowed and cackled lustily. It seemed to poor Sir John that they could be heard for miles around, and he stood with his heart in his mouth. But in a few moments everything was quiet again, and he managed to lead old Molly out into the road without any further mishap. He had plenty of light now, for there was a full moon, but he did not leap into the saddle at one bound, because that huge saber would get in the way.

When at last, he had mounted he headed his fiery steed toward the woods, which lay about two miles off. Molly was very drowsy, and it took several slaps with the flat of the saber to start her, but finally she dropped into a jog trot, which she seemed able to keep up indefinitely. Sir John jogged along for some time, and felt very happy. But soon the picturesque helmet grew uncomfortably heavy. The young knight tried to persuade himself that it did not hurt, that he would really feel uncomfortable without his "armor." At last, when his headgear became unbearable, he remembered how "the knight bared his head and drank in the sweet air." With great relief he followed his hero's example. But this was only a temporary relief. Before long his head developed an amazing tendency to nod, and he yawned till his eyes were full of tears. It seemed as if he had been in the saddle for hours, and he wondered why the woods seemed to recede. By a mighty effort he at last reached the forest and dismounted, after another struggle with his saber. He hitched Molly to a convenient tree and threw himself on the ground. A moment more and Sir John was in dreamland.

Now, Molly had never approved of these proceedings, and as she thought of her comfortable stall at home she gave an impatient toss to her head. The knot, which sleepy little Sir John had only half tied, came loose, and Molly found herself free. Immediately she started for home, and in half an hour she strolled in at the barn door, which the knight errant had left wide open behind him.

Meantime the aforesaid knight had found the tree roots rather hard, and had decided to resume his march, resting when he should find a more comfortable spot. Imagine his consternation when he could not find his trusty steed. He called again and again, but no Molly appeared. Then he noticed how "awfully dark" it really was. Some of those trees looked mighty funny. What was that? Only the leaves rustling. They never sounded so in the daytime. Why didn't the sun come up? A ghostly screech pierced the air. The blood of Sir John the Valiant ran cold. Again that awful "Whoo-oo-oo," and Sir John took to his heels in ignoble flight. He tripped on his saber and fell, but was too frightened to rise, and so lay still and sobbed. At last he sobbed himself asleep, and when he awoke the sun was shining brightly through the trees. He was very hungry, and still a good deal frightened. He had lost the corn bread from his pockets, and he thought longingly of the bacon that his mother cooked for breakfast. He got up and started to walk, but the sword dragged him back. All his desire for adventure had vanished with the night. He trudged along, carrying the sword in his arms.

Some time later a very humble knight errant stood at the kitchen door, looking into the worried face of his father.

"Air ye goin' to lick me, paw?" was what he said.

But his mother ran to him and kissed him, and cried, and Sir John the Valiant laid his head on his mother's shoulder and cried, too.

DOG THAT USES THE PHONE

Really Remarkable Animal That Indiana Man Owns, and He Is Proud of Him.

Francis D. Craig, of Indianapolis, who owns a farm in Brown county, near Helmsburg, says his tenant has a dog that displays as much intelligence as any singing or piano playing "koun' dawg." Watch, is the dog's name, and it is just a cur, without a pedigree. Watch strayed a mile or so from home some time ago, and calling the dog's name did not bring it back. Finally the tenant telephoned to Helmsburg.

"Yes, Watch is here," was the reply in answer to an inquiry.

Watch heard the telephone bell ring and became interested. The receiver was put to the dog's ear, and when it heard its master's voice, it barked with delight.

"Come home, Watch," said the tenant when he heard the dog's bark.

Watch made a leap for the door, and was home in a few minutes. Since then the dog has learned to use the phone. When it is away from home, and wishes the owner to know where it is, it enters a house or store, goes to the phone, and barks until the receiver is taken down. When this is done, the exchange operator, who knows the dog's voice, makes connection with the owner's house, and Watch barks "I'm here" or "I'm coming"—at least, the barks sound something like that, Mr. Craig says. Watch has even been known to take the receiver down with its paws, but as it finds difficulty in holding the receiver to its ear, the dog prefers assistance.—Indianapolis News.

Record Year for Spats.

Talking of spats, I am told that this present year will be a record one for this article. Only last Sunday in Hyde Park (let me here mention it was a broiling hot day), every other man one met seemed to be wearing white pique spats. Grays were also seen, but I think the former color is going to have a great vogue this year.—London correspondence Men's Wear.

The Voice of Gold

By Temple Bailey

Miss Caroline Drewitt had come back to her settlement work in the fall with a determination to inspire the surrounding neighborhood with ideas that should lift them above the level of the commonplace.

"Last year I tried it with pictures and flower study," she told Rev. Donald McGregor, "and I can say it was a success. But this year I am going to try music."

Rev. Mr. McDonald peered at her with kindly eyes through his nose-glasses. He was a tall, spare, sandy-haired man, a power in the pulpit, a friend of the people, and a firm believer in Miss Caroline Drewitt.

"I am sure it would be a great incentive," he said. "It makes an appeal to the Italians and the Germans, though differently. But how will you arrange it?"

"Gloria has promised to sing every Wednesday night," Miss Caroline told him, "and Harold Cartwright on Fridays. Gloria will give the Germans Wagner and Harold will give Italians Verdi, and now and then we will mix the two and have a grand concert."

McGregor nodded.

"It is a great idea," he said, "and you can supplement it with children's classes."

"Yes," Miss Caroline planned, "I shall conduct those myself. I can't sing, but I know the theory. I sometimes wish I had more showy talents to impress my people with—but I must make the best of my practical accomplishments."

"I am sure we would not wish you other than you are," was Rev. Mr. Donald's tribute, and Miss Drewitt blushed prettily and went away with a buoyancy of carriage that made her seem almost youthful.

"He's such a help," she told Gloria that night, "in my work."

Gloria brushed her masses of red-gold hair, yawned a little.

"I don't see why you bother yourself with a lot of people who don't care to be uplifted, Aunt Caro," she

"Everybody Loves You."

said, "with your money you might be seeing Europe and making a break into society."

"Society palled many years ago, my dear," said Miss Caroline, "and some of my people love me, which is a great deal!"

"Everybody loves you," Gloria said, impulsively, as she leaned over her aunt and kissed her, "and I am even beginning to believe that Rev. Mr. Donald is smitten—"

"Gloria," Miss Caroline's eyes blazed, "don't say such a thing again. To speak of him that way—as if he were an ordinary man."

"Well, extraordinary men fall in love sometimes," said Gloria wisely, "they are all alike when it comes to love."

"Dr. McGregor, if he ever marries," said humble Miss Caroline, "will choose a woman of talents and beauty—such a woman as you will be some day, Gloria."

Gloria threw up her hands.

"Me—" she gasped, "why, I am going to sing—and the man I love must sing, and we are going to sail away on a sea of romance—I don'like dark alleys and tenements."

Then as she saw the look on her aunt's face, she went on: "But, he is good enough for anybody, Aunt Caro, and I like him immensely."

"And he likes you," said Miss Caroline.

It was this conversation, combined with Miss Caroline's insistent spirit of self-sacrifice, that set the little lady a scheming. Of all women in the world, she loved Gloria best. Unacknowledged, but coloring her whole life, was her love for the Rev. Donald McGregor. And what more fitting than that she should bring these two together in a happy union?

And as it happened that every Wednesday night, the Rev. Donald McGregor found himself asked to meet with Miss Caroline's social club, and later he walked home with Miss Caroline and Gloria.

It was during these evenings that Miss Caroline suffered the pangs of martyrdom, as her niece, with wonderful beauty and art, held the little crowd of downtrodden humanity spellbound. Rev. Mr. McGregor seemed spellbound with the rest, and now Miss Caroline had brought about that which she craved she felt that the sacrifice was too great. If the minister loved Gloria, he would soon cease to be her friend, and how could she live without the support of that friendship?

The little woman grew pale and quiet, and, turning more and more to the humble people about her, was drawn into their lives so that she became mother confessor to more than one who, in sickness or in health, leaned on her wisdom, her common sense, her sympathy.

"You are a wonder," Rev. Mr. Donald told her one morning as she asked his advice with regard to a pair of Italian lovers.

"Tessa's parents want her to marry a richer man," she said, "but I am going to see that she marries Rafael. They love each other, and that is enough."

"Yes," the minister agreed, absentmindedly, "that is enough."

His preoccupation seemed to separate him finally from Miss Caroline.

"I—I am going now," she said hastily. "I shall expect you Friday night, Harold Cartwright will be there—and—Gloria. And all of our Germans and Italians. I want you to make a little address."

"What are you going to do?" he asked her suddenly.

"I—I" Miss Caroline stared. "Oh, I shall sit in the audience and applaud."

"You won't do anything of the kind," he said with precision. "You are going to precede my speech with a little talk about the children and the children's music. No one can do it as you can."

"Oh," Miss Caroline's face lighted, "do you think I could—I love the children and the music, and I should like the parents to know why I am doing it—"

"Then tell them," said Rev. Donald McGregor with finality.

And so it happened that when Gloria Campbell, a vision of beauty in her white satin gown, swept into the dingy hall, she was met by her Aunt Caro in filmy gray and violets.

"How stunning you look!" Gloria said, holding the little woman at arm's length, "where did you get the violets?"

"Mr. McGregor sent them," Miss Caroline stated nervously. "I am afraid they were meant for you, my dear. He knows how you love violets."

Gloria laughed.

"If he meant them for me, why didn't he send them to me?" she demanded.

"I thought he might feel timid," Miss Caroline stammered.

"Timid?" Gloria stared. "Why, he hasn't a timid bone in his body, Aunt Caro."

"I know," Miss Caroline agreed, "but, I am sure it's a mistake."

"Harold sent me those American Beauties," Gloria explained. "They don't go with my hair a bit, but I am awfully fond of them, and he knows it."

Gloria sang that night like a siren, and in the duet she and Harold Cartwright seemed to rise above reality and to live in a world of love and song.

"Gloria is a lovely woman," Miss Caroline whispered to the minister in a last act of self-effacement. "She may seem frivolous, but she would make a perfect wife for a serious man."

"No doubt, no doubt," McGregor agreed, "but Harold doesn't seem serious."

"Harold?"

"They are in love with each other," the minister said quietly, "any one can see it."

Miss Caroline stole a quick glance at him, and was met by a serenity that sent all her theories flying. Surely he was hurt—surely he had cared for Gloria!

But even as she questioned the duet ended, and it was time for her little speech.

Standing very quietly in front of that motley audience, she told them why she was trying to bring music into their lives. There was always happiness in a song, and even if one were in deep trouble, there were hymns for comforting. Life might be made easier for one's self and for the brother who had not learned to sing. She was teaching lullabys to the little boys, so that love of home and of country might be implanted in their hearts.

And when she had finished her little talk, and come down the aisle, a quiet figure in her gray gown, love for her shone in patient eyes and despairing eyes, and vacant eyes, and hands were outstretched to touch her.

The minister, hearing a broken Italian murmur in front of him, translated to Miss Caroline as she took her seat beside him. "They say you have a voice of gold."

"They mean Glorida—"

"No, it is you. You do not need the voice of song, for you speak with the voice of love, and they love you."

Worn with excitement, she said with quivering lips, "I need their love—"

Something in her voice made him ask quickly, "Why?"

"I am all alone—"

"But I love you," he said. "I thought you knew. But I am a plain man—I scarcely dared to speak of it."

Her face was illuminated.

"Think of the work we can do together," was all the outlet she allowed herself.

But the love in him shone for a moment in his strong face. "Think of the nest we shall build together," he murmured, and then he went to make his speech, while quiet Miss Caroline, in the midst of that listening audience glorified in his eloquence and hugged her happiness to her heart.

One Moonlight Night

By DONALD ALLEN

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

There was no particular excitement when the Hon. John Watkins and his son James arrived at the mountain resort on an August day. The Hon. John was sixty-five years old and rich and a widower. His son was twenty years old and confiding and fat. But for the son's confiding nature it would not have been known to all the guests within three days that the governor, meaning his old man, was on the lookout for a second wife, and he wanted a young one at that.

The Hon. John neither denied nor confirmed the story. He simply looked about like a man who would marry if he found the right woman. There were mammas who secured introductions to him when they heard of his wealth, and there were a very few daughters who looked at him from afar off and wondered if they wanted another grandpa.

It was when the Widow Savage arrived that the flutter began. She was fair and forty. She had the independent toss of the head that goes with widowhood after the first year. She had little ways with her eyes and mouth that made all the other women jealous the very first day. Of course, the stupid men simply looked upon her as a widow, but it was her own sex that unmasked her. When one of them said: "That widow has come here to catch a man!" all repeated it in chorus.

There were plenty of young people at the resort. Some widows, as soon as hearing that the Hon. John was wife-hunting, would have gone man-hunting in return. The Widow Savage didn't. She eluded him. She didn't coddle the fat son, as some women did. She forced father and son to keep their distance and selected only after three or four days. Her victim was a young man. He had already tangled himself up with a blue-eyed girl a year younger, but that fact did not sway the widow the least bit. When she got ready to appropriate him she did so.

The blue-eyed girl made a very poor attempt to show the people she

He Began to Tell Her His Life History

didn't care, and then it was noticed that the Hon. John was giving her all his attention. They sat together and walked together and talked together, and the fat son saw things and took his father to task by saying:

"Now, gov, don't make a fool of yourself. That girl won't make a mammy for me. Why don't you go for the widow?"

"James, the widow is blase," was the reply. "The second time a woman marries she marries for money. She marries to boss the resort. She marries hoping her husband will soon get off the earth and give her a third show."

"But she's a stayer, gov. Fine looker, and what a walk she has on her! If you are elected to congress next year what a team you'd make!"

"But the Widow Savage, James, has almost snubbed me. I will confess that I had an eye on her for a day or two, but she is cold and distant—cold and distant. She may argue that I would outlive her."

But, as if to prove that the Hon. John's diagnosis was all wrong, the Widow Savage threw herself in his way the very next day and was most entertaining. The nose of Miss Blue Eyes was out of joint again. Her second flirtation was spoiled by the widow. Her eyes flashed with anger, and when the Hon. John asked her to sit in one of the grottoes she coldly declined.

"Forget her, governor, and go for the widow," was the advice of James, who didn't do any flirting but kept his eyes open.

"Blase, James—blase! Blase and artful! She'd twist me around her finger like a string. I will toy with her now and then, but my mind is made up on Miss Smith. In fact, I have already talked love to her and led her to expect a proposal."

Miss Smith was walking by herself in the hotel grounds. She was thinking of widows as she walked—one widow in particular. Miss Smith was classed 'way up at the head of smart, good-looking girls, and she had been humiliated. She bit her lip and gritted her teeth and felt the tears start as she sauntered. Her mother had said it didn't matter in the least, but it did matter. It mattered just the difference between victory and defeat, and—and——

And then the Widow Savage suddenly appeared and took her arm and walked her up the path to the Outlook, and when they were seated on the rocks she softly said:

"I am not your enemy, but your friend. You don't wish to marry that old man, do you?"

"Mercy, no!" was the reply, as Miss Smith forgot her desire for revenge.

"Well, I do."

"But you—you got Frank away from me."

"And I'm going to give him back. I was just using him as a means to and end. I called him a booby a moment ago, and he'll be on his knees to you tomorrow. The Hon. John is to be my next husband."

"But how—how do you work things so?"

"By being a widow. Now, listen to me."

The evening came on with a full, clear moon. The moon so worked on the sentimental nature of the Hon. John, as well as the surrounding corn crop, that he invited Miss Smith to wander with him. To his great joy she accepted his arm. They walked as far as Seal Rock and then sat down and gazed at the moon. Porpoise Rock, Fish Rock and White Rock also were near at hand.

After the silence had lasted four or five minutes the Hon. John cleared his throat. The noise set the frogs in the pond a-piping. After another interval he took Miss Smith's hand in his. There came a third interval, and then he began to tell her his life history. It was a sad one. It was full of step-fathers and step-mothers and bolls and colic and kicks from cows that cared not for his forlorn condition. He had married and not been happy, and lost his wife and not been happy over that, and for years and years had lived a lonely life with only a fat son to cheer him. He was rich, but lonely. He was rich, but he yearned. He wanted a fireside with a cat and a wife. He wanted to come home after a hard day's work in seeing the district leaders of the Tenth ward and have some one call him hubby.

At intervals of about a foot, as marked off on a tape measure, Miss Smith sighed and cuddled, but that was all. As the Hon. John brought his story down to date and his voice broke and he had to use his handkerchief to wipe away the scalding tears, Miss Smith's own handkerchief got away from her and the night breeze carried it to Porpoise Rock. She twisted away her hand and ran after it and even disappeared behind the rock for an instant. She had returned and taken her seat again and surrendered her hand by the time the Hon. John had chased the tear away and was ready to say:

"And now, love, it is for you to say whether this lonely life shall continue or not."

The hand he held squeezed his.

"I have loved you since the first moment I saw you."

A harder squeeze.

"And I ask you to be my wife."

"I will, John!"

"By thunder, it's the widow!" exclaimed the Hon. John, as he scrambled to his feet.

"And we'll say a month from today if that will please you!"

The Hon. John hurried away to the hotel to consult his fat son.

"She's got you tight, gov, and you'll have to go through with it," was the information extended. "Put up job, but breach of promise and all that if you don't stand by your word. Splendid looker! Splendid dresser! Superb walker! Say, parent, you just missed making an ass of yourself. Get a move on you!"

And the Hon. John did, and they say he has never regretted it.

Writing With Invisible Ink.

There are several ways in which two persons can correspond with each other unknown to even the persons before whose eyes the very letter is held.

For instance, new milk may be used as ink. When dried this is invisible, but if coal dust or soot be scattered upon the paper the writing becomes legible.

Diluted sulphuric acid, lemon juice, solutions of nitrate and chloride of cobalt or of chloride of copper write colorless, but on being heated the characters written with the first two become black or brown, and the latter green. And when the paper becomes cool the writing disappears, leaving the paper blank again.

Two good invisible inks are made by saltpeter dissolved in water, and equal parts of sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac dissolved in water.

Tiny Mouse Spoils Drama.

Just as the hero in a romantic play at the opera house matinee in Joliet, Ill., was telling the ingenue how he loved her a mouse ran toward her from the wings.

Miss Olney, the actress, screamed in fright and ran from the stage, breaking up the scene. The hero kicked at the mouse and it ran off the stage and jumped into the orchestra.

Thereupon five hundred women, on seeing the cause of the interruption of the drama, stampeded for the doors. In the rush Mrs. A. Blake was injured. The mouse escaped.

Its Color.

"Life ought to look rosy to Jinks just now."

"Well, if his creditors are after him, I should think it was more of a dun color."

NERVOUS IN PUBLIC

MANY WORLD-FAMED SPEAKERS NEVER OVERCOME THIS.

With Some It Persists as Mannerisms—Yawn and Handkerchief of Late Duke of Devonshire—Gladstone's Peculiar Actions.

Persons who are unaccustomed to speak in public believe that their nervousness is solely due to their inexperience, and that public men can make speeches as coolly as they make conversation. In some cases this may be so, but few speakers are ever able wholly able to cast off their nervousness. Sometimes it persists only in the form of a mannerism, attractive or otherwise, but some old parliamentarians never escape from the tremors and terrors which shook them when their maiden speech was delivered.

The late duke of Devonshire is usually spoken of as the perfect type of the impassive Englishman. When he entered the house of commons as Lord Cavendish, he distinguished himself by prefacing his maiden speech with a prodigious yawn. But he was by no means as languid in fact as he was in appearance.

When he rose to speak he would lean one arm on the nearest of the two iron-bound boxes on the table between the front benches. After a slight hesitation and a few quiet words, the other hand would steal to the tail pocket of his coat and emerge holding a neatly-folded white cambric handkerchief. Without unfolding it he would gently rub the corners of his mouth, and this done, the hand, still holding the handkerchief, would rest on the hip or be thrown back.

Sitting near him, one could observe that the grip on his handkerchief tightened, and that the muscles of the hand were in continuous action. At the close of his speech the hand opened, and one saw not the clean, folded cambric handkerchief, but only a solid, greasy ball, which was quickly returned to the pocket. Here was the safety valve for the impassive nobleman's nervousness.

Gladstone was one in whom nervousness had become mannerism. When he rose to speak he began with a few gracious words on the speech which was about to follow, or some pointed remark as to the character and importance of the subject. In his earlier days this was, no doubt to "get his breath."

His next act was to raise his right hand over his head with the thumb bent down and gently scratch his skull. That is rather common among public speakers. The third action of Mr. Gladstone was his peculiar and individual sign. Throwing his arms downward by his side, he would with his fingers seize the cuffs of his coat and draw these down over his shirt cuffs so as to conceal them completely. The ordinary practice is just the reverse, the desire being to expose and not conceal the white linen of the shirt cuffs. These were the invariable preludes to the great commoner's speeches.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Not in the Library.

Mr. Claptrap arrived at the circulating library the other day with his hands full of small packages and as cross as two sticks because his wife had asked him to fulfill some commissions for her while he was out. With a look which was just as disagreeable as he felt he handed to the little librarian a list which he had made to aid his memory.

"My wife wants these books," he said gruffly. "Be quick about getting them, if you please. I'm in a great hurry."

The girl, who was a trifle shy and inexperienced, flushed, and, saying that he should have the books directly, went to look for them. She was gone some time and when she returned he glared at her indignantly and asked if she expected him to "wait all day."

"I'm very sorry," she apologized, "but you see I've been looking for the last book on the list. Here are the other three, but 'Hairpins and Castor Oil' I can't find and—and I'm afraid it isn't in the library."

"Good heavens!" groaned Mr. Claptrap, quite crestfallen. "Did I put those things down in the book list!"

In Praise of Modesty.

Reginald De Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a pretty story in praise of modesty.

"A group of tourists," he said, "visited Beethoven's house in Bonn. One of the tourists, a girl of twenty or so, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the 'Moonlight Sonata' none too well. Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano!

"When the girl had finished, she rose and said to the old caretaker:

"'I suppose lots of famous musicians have been here and played on this instrument?'

"'Well, miss,' the caretaker answered gravely, 'Paderewski was here last year, and his friends urged him to play, but he shook his head and said:

"'No, I am not worthy.'"

A Good One.

"Is little Mrs. Bings' worthless husband going to dine home on Thanksgiving day?"

"No; I understand he is going to stay away for a culinary reason."

"A culinary reason?"

"Yes. He knows his goose is cooked."

Moon Lotus

By JEAN DICKERSON

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Sano-koga is an idyllic Japanese village near Tokio. Russell Lane had unsuccessfully tried to put some of its beauties on canvas, but the occidental brush is too heavy to do justice to the delicate airiness of Nipponese scenery.

"I've tried water colors and crayon and pen and ink—and I can't do a thing with it!" he growled at his host who was watching him from the veranda. With a quick stroke he painted out his work and tossed down the brushes.

Lucius White smiled wisely. "Because you're not Nipponese," he said. "Give a native artist a scrap of parchment and with a splash of water colors or a dab of India ink he would reproduce my garden so that you could hear the leaves rustling on the mulberry tree."

"I believe it because you are a missionary and you ought to speak the truth," replied Russell, looking enviously about the miniature garden, where art had so assisted nature that the diversified landscape of a great estate had been compressed within the confines of the half-acre that belonged to the missionary's house.

On a dwarfed scale there was a sweep of turf, tinkling streams spanned by fairy bridges, stunted trees, beds of flowers, pavilions and tea-houses, graveled walks, and in the center, beneath a circle of willow trees, there was a large lake whose surface was almost covered with lotus leaves.

"Try again," encouraged Mr. White. "Come out tonight when the moon lotus blooms and paint the garden by moonlight."

Russell shook his head. "No," he said regretfully, "if I cannot paint your Japanese garden when the sun shines on it I am sure that I could not do it when it is bathed in moonlight. Sano-koga tempts me so sorely that I shall go away."

"At least you will defer your departure until you have seen my lotus pond in full bloom," protested the missionary.

"When is that to be?"

"It should be in bloom tonight when the moon is full. Then the pink buds

A Girl Was Standing There.

will unfold under a cold gaze of Luna, only to close again when she sets. It is a rare sight in the season."

"I will stay," decided Russell, putting away his painting things.

"Good!" cried Mr. White, rousing himself. "Let us ask Millie to give us a lunch of rice cakes and fruit and we will ride out to Sunset Hill and I believe I can promise you a brief glimpse of the top of Fujiyama."

It was after sunset when they returned from the 'rickshaw ride, and they sat down to table by the light of a very American oil lamp.

Mrs. White announced that a message from a sick servant would summon them to the other end of the village.

"I am so sorry, Lucius, because the moon lotus will bloom tonight," she added.

"I have promised Russell a rare sight if he will remain—perhaps we will return in time."

"Don't disturb yourselves on my account," was Russell's assurance; "I will watch the phenomenon myself."

"Look out that you are not snared by the witchery of the moon lotus spirit," teased Mr. White.

"Ah, there is a legend connected with it?"

"Whatever maid or bachelor watches the opening of the moon lotus will see revealed the future."

"'Fate' implying future life partner?" laughed Russell.

"Of course."

"Although I am an avowed bachelor, I will put it to proof this very night! Am I assured of having the lotus lake to myself, or must I share the gift of the gods with one of your servants?"

"Oh, no! There is a lantern festival at Harashi and every one will be there."

"Good! By the time you return I shall no longer be heart-free."

Russell Lane waved his friends good-by as they rolled away in their 'rickshas and made his way back to the garden veranda where he could look down at the little lake lying a few yards beyond.

The full moon was just showing above the tops of some black and ragged cedars on a distant hill, and it would be some time before its silver rays touched the surface of the lake to awaken into life the closed buds of the moon lotus.

There was the chirrup of countless insects in the garden grasses, the cry of an owl, the slip-slipping of straw-sandaled feet on the matted floors within as the servants went to and fro. After a while those sounds died away in a burst of happy laughter from the kitchen entrance and disappeared down a hedged lane.

The moon rose rapidly. Russell strolled down to the shore of the lake and threw himself on a white marble bench. In his white clothes he became part of the snowy bench.

The magic of the moon lotus was working.

There came a whispering rustle as of the opening of hundreds of flower petals, but he derided the fancy. With one idle hand he could have touched the nearest lotus had he wished.

The moon flooded the lake, and even as he gazed the dark patches of leaves and buds stirred and almost imperceptibly their appearance changed. Where all had been darkness was now a field of pink bloom and there was a heavily sweet fragrance on the air.

At that moment Russell Lane declared he would believe anything he saw—and yet, almost instantly, his credulity was strained to its utmost.

There came a soft sigh near at hand. His eyes shifted from the lake to the bank beside his bench.

A girl was standing there, half poised on the shore of the lake, one foot on the low stone coping, her hands clasped loosely before her. She was slender and dark-haired and garbed in a loose Japanese robe of some pale shimmering fabric that seemed woven of the white moonlight and the pale pink of the lotus blooms. Russell could see her profile, for she, too, was gazing in rapt delight at the phenomenon of the unclosing of the moon lotus.

She had not seen him—she was entirely oblivious of his presence.

Who was she? The spirit of the moon lotus made visible for one magic hour? Russell looked at the pale-robed form and then at the pink glory of the blossoms.

In the second that his attention was diverted she saw him and shrank back with a startled exclamation and he knew that she was flesh and blood and of his own race. Instantly he was upon his feet and apologizing for frightening her.

"It was too beautiful to disturb by mere words," he explained. "The Whites are away this evening and told me of the opening of the flowers; it is a rare sight."

"Yes, indeed," she said in a soft, deep voice that matched the dark beauty of her eyes and the creamy loveliness of her skin. "I live next door to the Whites and I have just returned from Tokio. I thought the garden was deserted, and I could not resist coming over to see the lotus blooms."

"They tell me that there is a legend connected with the opening of the moon lotus."

It was on the tip of Russell's tongue to give utterance to this daring remark, but at that moment the girl turned and her foot slipped on the stone coping. She would have fallen in among the lotus flowers if he had not caught her in his arms.

For an instant they looked in each other's eyes, and in the brief interval each one realized that the fate meted out to every maid and bachelor who looks upon the unclosing of the moon lotus was theirs.

Day of Yankee Mill Girls.

"There were very few if any foreigners in the cotton mills when I worked in them here in Biddeford 65 years ago," said an old, old lady in Maine.

"About all of us were girls from the farms, who came here to work so as to get ready money and buy clothes and help out the folks at home.

"One day the overseer hired a girl that had just come over from the old country. We went to him and told him we just wouldn't work with her and she had to go. The old scrub-woman that washed the floors was the only outlandish person in our room.

"There was one girl in the room, who, I suppose now, must have been French-Canadian. She used to sing French songs for us and act them out. We were always coaxing her to do it, because it sounded so funny to hear a language not our own. Such carryings-on as we girls had!"

Importing Plant Diseases.

The spread of crop diseases and pests over the world is startlingly illustrated by the presence of the European potato wart disease in Newfoundland, where it awaits shipment to the United States. Once landed in this country, it will surely spread over the nation. It might bring the greatest suffering to our poor, who find in the potato the cheapest of foods in normal years, and it would surely work great hardship upon farmers. Yet we have no quarantine law against such pests! One would be justified from this in the suspicion that only the most ignorant of men ever get into the house or senate. How long will this criminal negligence be tolerated?

This disease was first observed in Hungary 16 years ago. It has spread with great rapidity and is recognized as a danger to the whole industry.—Farm and Fireside.

Precaution.

Stella—Why are you taking swimming lessons?

Bella—I'm not going to let any of the boys teach me till I know how.

NEGRO KNEW NOTED MEN

Veteran Porter, Who Died Recently, Served on Private Car of Several Presidents.

The death of David Haselton, the veteran porter in the office of the president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in Baltimore, removes a familiar figure from the ranks of the old school of Maryland servants. Perhaps no other negro in this country was acquainted with so many prominent men of affairs, says the Railroad Man's Magazine.

David, who was over seventy, was a native Baltimorean. While a boy he witnessed the Baltimore riot on April 19, 1861, and was ever fond of telling of the encounter with the Massachusetts soldiers.

He entered the service of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in 1874 as a waiter at the Relay house, a few miles from Baltimore. Dining cars were not then known on American railroads.

He continued in this position for more than a year. Later he became head waiter at the Deer Park hotel when the Baltimore & Ohio opened it in western Maryland. It was President John W. Garrett who about 1876 chose him as a private car porter. For more than thirty years he remained in charge of the official cars of the Baltimore & Ohio's presidents.

During that time David crossed the continent hundreds of times in charge of special parties and with officials of the railroad. He has ridden over practically every mile of railroad track in North America from the Isthmus of Panama to the northernmost lines of Canada. He was six feet tall and made a striking appearance in his uniform of royal blue trimmed in gold and cap slightly tilted.

On a trip with a party in which Commodore Vanderbilt was a guest David's dinner was pronounced by the commodore the best meal he had ever eaten. David had charge of presidential parties from General Grant down to McKinley and Roosevelt. General Grant was numbered as one of his favorite guests. President Cleveland also frequently traveled with David. When he started on his honeymoon he made a special request that David be placed in charge of his car.

David retired a few years ago and became a messenger in the office of the Baltimore & Ohio's president. Visitors will recall David occupying a place just outside the suite of the chief executive of the road, his hat slightly tilted and humming a tune popular in Dixie.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smithport, Pa.

BURDICK'S INSURANCE OFFICE
Burdick's Music Store
Successors to
C. A. BURDICK,
Fire, Tornado, Automobile, Liability, Life and accident insurance.
Companies and service the best.
Complete Line of Pianos and Musical Instruments and Sheet Music
See the FREE sewing machine
Call, Phone or Write.
SIDNEY A. BURDICK,
Manager.

Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

A STRONG MAN OF OLD.

A Bit of History About Dr. D. V. Crossmire in Rafting Days.

The Kane Republican waxes a bit reminiscent and digs up the following article of which was published in The Miner in 1889:

The following paragraph refers to Dr. D. V. Crossmire, now deceased, having died in January, 1886, but who will long be remembered by many of our oldest inhabitants. At the time of his death he was known as one of the leading physicians and surgeons in this section of the state, and resided in Kane:

We doubt whether there is another county in Pennsylvania which can produce more strong men in proportion to her population than McKean. They astonish the natives along down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers during the lumbering season with the wonderful physical strength and endurance which they exhibit. Hear how the astonished Pittsburghers talk about our "boy," Derrick Crossmire:

"Blue Eagle Iron Works, Pittsburg, May 12, 1869. Ed. Miner:—A man giving his name as D. V. Crossmire did the largest lifting we ever saw done. He lifted one thousand nine hundred and four pounds of cast iron four inches from the floor and did it with so much ease that we dare not bet with anyone that he could not lift three thousand pounds. Four men were moving some old fly wheels from the rolling mills when Crossmire who happened in, said: 'You make a great fuss about moving those little wheels.' They all began to laugh at him, when he told them they did not know who they were laughing at—that he could throw those wheels over his head. They asked him to try his hand at it, when he took hold of the rope, put it over his shoulder, took hold of the rope with his hands and told them to block it. He raised it four inches. The men admitted they did not know who they had sneered at and were still more surprised when the iron was put on the scales. Crossmire says he is nothing but a boy and that we ought to see some of the men! As for the pay, he even refused to take a glass of beer; says he does not drink anything strong. N. Hillsey clerk of Ironworks. We testify to the truth of these statements: James Brady, F. Schroor, H. K. Hillock, W. T. Donalds."

A NEW INSECT INJURING APPLES.

A prominent member of the Beaver County Fruit Growers' association writes to State Zoologist Surface, and sends a box of small apples that have been gnawed by an insect. He says, "The injury caused by this pest consists of a large part of the surface of the fruit eaten, or a hole from one-eighth to one-fourth inch in size eaten directly into the fruit as far as the seeds. The caterpillar was light green in color, with smooth body, and light stripes extending along it lengthwise." The writer adds that he will have a full crop of apples this year in his orchard, which has been for the past three years one of the State's demonstration orchards. He also says, "My success it due entirely to the suggestions and information given by your department."

Prof. Surface has found from reports from various parts of the state that this injury by larve gnawing in apples is unusually common this year. He has received it from most of the counties of Pennsylvania. Therefore, this reply will be of general interest. It is as follows:

"The insect which you sent us appears to be a cut worm larva. The box had been crushed in the mail and the caterpillar had escaped, but the eaten fruit was received and examined and it indicates the injury by this particular pest. The poison bran mash placed at the foot of the tree will insure protection against this insect, which climbs the tree at night and feeds on fruit and foliage and then goes down to the ground and conceals itself during the day.

"Make this poison bran mash by mixing one part of Paris Green with fifty parts of bran when dry and then dissolve some coarse brown sugar or cold strong molasses in enough water to moisten the bran without making it sloppy. Put a little pinch of this poison bran here and there around the base of each tree or plant to be protected, in the evening, and the cut worms will come to it and feed and be killed. It is the best means which I have yet found of protecting garden plants from cut worms.

"A year ago one of my friends, who has a large young orchard, reported that cut worms were destroying all the new growth on his trees, and wished a remedy for this. We found they were the climbing cut worms and recommended this remedy, which he used with immediate and entire satisfaction."

PROTECTING THE PUBLIC.

The State Department Finds Short Weighs and Measures.

Harrisburg, June 17.—"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" thousands of dealers in Pennsylvania who sell the ordinary foods required to sustain daily life have the heathern Chinee of Bret Harte pinned to the back wall of creation. Men regarded in their communities as good, honest, upright citizens, who sell bread, meats, fruits, vegetables and all the other things that people eat every day, have been found to be most dishonest and unscrupulous in weighing and measuring their wares when they deal them out to customers, and they are inclined to resent the charge when they are detected. All this can be proved by Director James Sweeney, the director of the new division of weights and measures, established by the last legislature. Mr. Sweeney has been in office less than a year and yet his discoveries of rank robbery, cheating and rascality are simply appalling.

Recognizing the fact that there ought to be an established system of weights and measures in this state to prevent the robbery and cheating that were constantly being done, the legislature established the division, and under the law invited all counties, cities and boroughs to appoint sealers of weights and measures and get the correct standards from the director in Harrisburg, he having obtained them originally from the department in Washington, where they were guaranteed to be absolutely correct. Thus far but twelve counties have appointed sealers—Elk, Northumberland, Delaware, Clearfield, Crawford, Potter, Schuylkill, Fayette, Luzerne, Union, Lebanon and Lackawanna. But ten cities have appointed men to see that the provision buyer is not swindled in weight and measure—Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Altoona, McKeesport, Meadville, New Castle, Wilkes-Barre, Bradford, Lock Haven and Scranton. Five boroughs under an old law, are provided with detectives of the kind mentioned—Sharon, Vandergrift, Danville, Donora and Greenville. All of the others have been invited to come in, some say they will, some are hesitating and some are indifferent, but they will all be glad to get under the law's protection in time, and appoint sealers of weights and measures for the public will demand protection, and will not be satisfied until it gets it in the matter of purchase of food.

As showing the methods by which the dealer cheats the purchaser, Director Sweeney has secured from various sections of the state a collection of weights and measures that have been condemned as defective and has placed them on exhibition in his office at the capitol. There are at least 100 different kinds and it was said that in one city the official sealer had confiscated enough of the swindling devices to fill a room 20 by 20 feet from floor to ceiling, and was still engaged in the good work. There are in the collection peck measures that are short a quarter of a peck. This may seem incredible, but there they are, all labeled and marked with the date of seizure. One short peck measure was taken from a dealer in potatoes in a large city, who sold 20 bushels from his wagon by retail every day. It was computed that in a huckster's working year of 40 weeks this man has sold 2,200 bushels of potatoes and was paid for 3,800 bushels. With potatoes at $1 a bushel that gentleman made money by his swindling device. There are all kinds of liquid measures in the collection, showing how the bottom of the measure has been moved up so far on the inside that the purchaser is robbed of almost a quarter of what he pays for. Some of the vegetable measures have no bottom, but are placed in a bag by the dealer, who makes a pretense of filling them up, and closing the mouth of the bag hurriedly, and in so doing cheats the purchaser badly. Measures that professed to hold a quart and even measures that were supposed to hold a half bushel were all shy. There are so many that one wonders at the ingenuity of the swindlers in devising them. The weights are just as bad as the measures. One of the hanging scales, used by butchers, was found to be from two to three ounces short on every pound sold. A flat scale, that looked perfectly innocent, could be manipulated by the dealer by touching a "joker" in the back, which adroitly registered two or more ounces as he placed the purchase on the scale, and the purchaser got that amount less than he paid for. Grocers' scales that could be worked by a screw as the sugar or coffee was being weighed and made to register more than was really on the scale are in the collection, and berry boxes that profess to hold a quart, but are shy almost a quarter of that amount. The collection is open for inspection to all who call at the capitol, and it is revelation.

Director Sweeney says that the way to compel dealers to get honest weights is for purchasers to buy by the quart or pound rate and insist that the things be weighed or measured in standard measures. Selling by the box, carton, bottle, package or similar ways is sure to lead the purchaser not getting the full amount of his purchase and it must be stopped.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and son, Alpha, returned home last evening from a few days' visit in Buffalo.

C. C. Brown, representing the Bell Telephone system, was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and daughter, Miss Rita, returned home Monday evening from a visit to Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus, daughter, Clarissa, and son, Harry, Jr., are expected home today from Linesville.

Theodore Steinhauer of La Junta, Colo., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Steinhauer, of Farmers Valley.

Miss Alice Lynch returned Wednesday from a two weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. C. E. McAlee, at Johnsonburg.

Miss Vinnie Campbell returned to her home in Eldred after a week's visit with Miss Olive Richards of Marvindale.

County Commissioner A. R. Cory attended the meeting of the Democratic County committee in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Gertrude Scudder left for her home in Williamsport yesterday after a four weeks' visit with friends in this place.

S. R. Lindsley returned home Monday from Kane wher he had been to see Mrs. Lindsley who is a patient at the Kane hospital.

Miss Mildred Holder returned Saturday from Olean, N. Y., where she had been the guest of Miss Lillie Hagberg for several days.

Misses Helen Oviatt and Golda Schoonmaker returned Saturday from Bradford where they have been attending summer school.

Gard Young and Floyd Pettis left Tuesday for Chicago. From there they will go to San Diego, Cal., where they expect to locate.

Mrs. W. C. Cleveland and daughter, Miss Grace, of Mt. Jewett, were visitors at the home of W. B. Hopper the latter part of last week.

Miss Alice Daly is home from St. Vincent's hospital at Erie and is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Dr. and Mrs J. V. McAlpin left Tuesday for a few days' at Buffalo The trip was made in the Redfield car.

Miss Edna Specht, Howard, William and Robert Brownell returned Monday from Wilcox where they attended a house party given by Miss Helen Brown.

Mrs. Leon Valentine and infant of Philadelphia arrived in town Tuesday and will be the guests of Mrs. Valentine's mother, Mrs. C. E. Milroy, for some time.

Mrs. H. Bowen and daughter, Isabelle, who have been the guests of Mrs. Bowen's sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus, for two weeks, returned to their home in Bradford, Saturday.

Mrs. George Rockfeller of Sharon Center, Pa., who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Beckwith, at Farmers Valley, was a guest of Smethport friends Tuesday.

Mrs. H. A. Tatlock and sons, Carlton and Russell, of Rochester, are the guests of Mrs. W. F. Specht and other friends in this place. Mrs Tatlock was formerly Miss Josephine Baker and spent her childhood in Smethport.

(Additional Personals on Page 4.)

Siberian Wild Flowers.

Siberia seems to have a set program for her flowers, which are beautiful in variety and coloring. September gathers the blue flowers to her bosom, and under her languid and caressing touch blossom myriads of dainty bluebells on long and tender stems.

In the rocky soil of the hilltops blue scabiosa shares its playground with drak blue snapdragon, and in the shady spots of the road grow, tall and hardy, purple blue chrysanthemums.

Earlier in summer yellow holds sway—buttercups, daisies and violets, and after them red-pinks and very deep briar roses. Delicious jam is concocted from the seedpods of the wild rose.

When summer comes an array of jars and glasses and a big kettle join hands with hat boxes and shoe bags and travel countryward. A temporary stove is built of stones not far from the house, and here simmers slowly the year's provision of preserves and jams and jellies, absorbing at the same time great doses of sun and fresh air.—America.

Happy Idea.

Two Jews had long been bitter enemies and had often done each other all the damage they could. With one of them this enmity became a mania and finally he had a vision. An angel appeared to him and said that he could have one wish, his dearest wish, gratified, but with this proviso: Rosenthal, his enemy, was to receive twice or double the blessing conferred on him. "Vell," said Ikey, "if I wish for a million dollars, he gets two million, and I don't vant that." After puzzling over the problem for some time, a happy idea struck him, and putting one hand over one eye he said: "I vish dot I had one blind eye."

FREEING THE SLAVE

OLD JOE DIDN'T TAKE IT IN THE ORTHODOX MANNER.

Instead of Weeping and Begging to Stay, He Gave Out Yell, Ran Away and Never Was Heard of Again.

All present had heard, ever so many times, those good old stories of how the slave of ante-bellum times, when told that he was free—"Yes, free, Scipio"—had thrown himself, sobbing, at his master's feet, and begged, with tears in his eyes, that he be not sent away—that he be allowed to serve the family in any capacity until the end of his days. Therefore all present looked wise and resigned when the southerner launched on his story.

"Down at our old home in the south," he said, "there was an old negro called Joe who had been on the place as far back as any of us could remember. In fact, so long had he been there that he had grown to be just like a member of the family. We children included him in all our games and treated him exactly as we would any other playmate, while his long years of service had earned him every sort of special consideration from the grown folks.

"So meritorious was Joe that my father decided one day to make him a free man. He went about the necessary formalities quietly, and, when all was ready, resolved to give the thing a dramatic setting.

"So he called the family together, likewise his slaves, and when they were all there, grouped impressively about him, he summoned Joe.

"The faithful old slave appeared.

"'Joe,' said my father solemnly, 'you have served us long and well. We have a great affection for you.'

"We all beamed approval. Joe's face grew puzzled.

"'I feel that we should show that affection in some substantial way,' continued my father. Then, after a short pause, he said:

"'Joe, you are a free man.'

"Joe did not seem to understand. He looked at my father and then at the rest of us in a bewildered way.

"'Joe, you are no longer a slave. I am no longer your master,' said my father.

"The slave's face began to clear.

"'Free?' he queried.

"'Yes,' said my father.

"For one moment Joe stood there. Then—"

In his turn, the southerner made a dramatic pause, even as his father had done before him. His auditors were listening, bored but polite.

"Then," he continued, "that negro gave one ungodly yell, swung his cap about his head, and without so much as saying 'goodby' dashed out of the house as fast as his legs could carry him. We never so much as heard of him again."

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

tf DR. JOHN CLARK,
Smethport, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale at the premises of defendant company, to-wit: United Bearings Company and New York Universal Ball Bearings Company, on Penn (formerly called Toothpick) Avenue, in the City of Bradford, McKean Co., Pa., on

MONDAY, AUGUST 5th, 1912,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described property:

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Sixth Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the east line of Penn (formerly called Toothpick) Avenue and said point being distant northerly three hundred and seventy-five (375) feet from the north line of East Main Street and being also the northwest corner of lot No. 8 as marked on the map of the lands of the Welch estate in said City of Bradford, which said map is recorded in the Recorder's office of said McKean County, thence at right angles easterly along the northerly line of lots No. 8-9-10-11-12-13 and 14 as marked on said map two hundred eighty-one and twenty-nine one-hundredths (281.29) feet more or less to the westerly line of the Melvin lands; thence northerly along said westerly line of Melvin lands sixty-two (62) feet more or less to the southerly line of the Right of Way of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad Company; thence westerly along said southerly line of said Right of Way two hundred and ninety-five (295) feet more or less to the easterly line of Penn Avenue aforesaid; thence southerly along said easterly line of Penn Avenue aforesaid one hundred and forty (140) feet more or less to the place of beginning. Together with the buildings erected thereon, foundations built and material for new buildings thereon, gas engine, furnaces, forges, steam boiler, heating and lighting apparatus, and three universal grinding machines, two engine lathes, two cutting off machines, three Stamping Presses, one Drill Press, two turret Lathes, one shaper, two milling machines, save and excepting that one Bliss Press, one shaper, one engine lathe, and one turret lathe are subject to lease thereon.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of United Bearings Company and New York Universal Ball Bearings Company at suit of Alexander Baker.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's attys.
M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., July 17, 1912.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of KEATING TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DISTRICT for the School year ending July 1st, 1912:

C. O. Hadsell, Treasurer.
From July 3rd, to December 4, 1911:

Dr.		
To received from Collector Farley	$3000 00	
To received from State appropriation	2909 09	
To received from former treasurer	240 03	
To received for tuition	393 50	$6542 62
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	$2220 03	
By paid rent & repairs	170 71	
By paid for school supplies	363 94	
By paid for text books	248 00	
By paid sanitary expenses	72 00	
By paid Auditors' fees	24 00	
By paid for printing	14 40	
By paid for secretary's salary	150 00	
By paid for freight & material	17 44	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	66 67	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	36 00	
By pens for postage & stationery	9 86	
By paid for teachers attending institute	120 00	
By paid for high school tuition	422 93	
By paid for water	5 75	
By paid for janitor	12 00	
By paid for attending district convention	14 00	
By paid debt and interest	1588 50	
By amount in Grange Bank to balance	944 51	$6346 72

H. M. Dizel, Treasurer.
From December 4 to July 1st, 1912:

Dr.		
To amount in Grange Bank from former Treasurer Hadsell	$ 944 51	
To amount borrowed from Olmsted Bank & Trust Company	2000 00	
To [illegible] received	1150 07	
To amount received from collector Farley	3082 12	
To amount received from delinquent funds	18 14	
To amount borrowed from Harris Buck	1500 00	
To amount received from Secretary Burditek	1 77	$8696 61
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	$5749 37	
By paid teachers' attending institute	120 00	
By paid for school supplies	66 40	
By paid for Auditors' fees	10 00	
By paid for sanitary expenses	48 35	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	429 75	
By paid for rent and repairs	10 50	
By paid for printing	14 40	
By paid for Pennsylvania School Journal	8 00	
By paid for janitors' expenses	12 75	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	36 00	
By paid treasurer's commission	112 04	
By paid method inspection	5 00	
By paid freight & material	2 05	
By paid cost and interest	44 00	
By amount in Hamlin Bank to balance	343 20	$7083 00

Liabilities of District.

Amount borrowed from Olmsted Bank & Trust Company	$2000 00	
Outstanding orders	687 51	
Amount due Treasurer Hadsell, commission on $11,527.27 @ 2 per ct.	142 77	$2830 28
Resources.		
Amount due from Collector Farley	$26 98	
Liabilities in excess of Resources to balance	2791 60	$2830 58

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of C. O. Hadsell and H. M. Dizel, Treasurers of Keating Township School Funds, do find them as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
F. L. CONNER,
Auditors.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for our full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight,* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogues and study our expert models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles on earth cheaper than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.50 profit above factory cost. Our line comprises every bicycle for every rider, boy, girl, man, and our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices.

COASTER-BRAKES, SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY* **$4.80**

The regular retail prices of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but we introduce our [illegible] at the special introductory price of $4.80 per pair, and will allow you a sample pair for $4.80 each with order for bicycle, or will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 each with order $4.85.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES of any kind at any price don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. E. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

ATLANTIC CITY
Cape May

Wildwood, Ocean City, Anglesea, Sea Island City, Holly Beach, Avalon, Stone Harbor, NEW JERSEY

July 26, August 2, 16, and 30, 1912

ROUND **$10.80** TRIP

FROM SMETHPORT

TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip within final limit, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent.

For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult small hand bills or nearest Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

TOILET ARTICLES

Our line of Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you you should not be without a generous supply. Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE